

MACLEAN'S

SAME-SEX UNIONS

A pioneering gay couple
on why marriage matters

INSIDE KASHMIR

The message to India and
Pakistan: leave us in peace

WHAT A PAIR

Figure skating meets
the Russian mob



Old Flames


As Canada greys,
late-life romance
heats up

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WAR AND PEACE OF MIND

Let's remember that our troops can't easily forget six months in Afghanistan

ON THE DAY that Taliban doctor Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvallier was toppled from power in 1986, I was in the capital of Zaire as France, on assignment for the magazine. The next morning, an acquaintance called, reporting that Baby Doc had just fled. As the news spread, thousands of people descended upon the National Palace, where Duvallier had his headquarters. At first, celebrations were peaceful and joyful. Then, the crowd started looking for their oppressors—the notorious courtiers, the Tzongolo Maasou, the civil militia who enforced Duvallier's rule. Twice, I saw mobs catch up with fleeing Maasou members, with results that were as bloody, brutal and final as they were inevitable and arguably understandable, given their history.

These episodes, horrific as they were, didn't bother me nearly as much while in Zaire as they did after my return to Canada years after, they all seemed rightness. That may reflect as a much smaller way from my end—what lies ahead for Canadian troops now returning home after six months in Afghanistan. When you go to an intimidating, alien place, the mind often lets you suspend or step outside of your normal moral system. It's a kind of amnesia: without it, you'd be overwhelmed by strange customs. The problem, in some cases, occurs after returning home: buried memories come to the fore even as the wartime world and old friends and family who haven't lived through the same experiences—and who expect that person to be unchanged. In the case of our soldiers, they've spent half a year in what may be the most demanding physical environment at any time, facing the constant possibility of sudden attack.

The only people who really understand what that's like are other combat veterans of the second World War, the Korean War or "Vietnam" missions of the 1990s. The risk of us having no idea of life under such duress—and are blessed

by that ignorance. At the same time, as military expert Sean Maloney explains on page 18, the top brass has only recently begun paying heed to the after-effects of battlefield stress—but appears to be taking the right steps to ease the soldiers' return to everyday life.

ALSO THIS WEEK, we look at a conflict in which Canadians aren't involved—except that the fight between India and Pakistan over the Kashmir region holds potentially dire implications for everyone. Because both countries have atomic weapons, and because of the intensity of disagreement over control of Kashmir—which the British ruled until 1947—the area is sometimes called "the most dangerous place on earth." It's been a hazardous place for visiting Western journalists—although that, happily, was not the case for Toronto-based photojournalist Adnan R. Khan, who was there recently. Khan, whose last piece for us was from Afghanistan, reports that neither combatant is welcome. "The body count continues to mount," he writes, "while India and Pakistan baffle over ownership of a chunk of land neither of them really has a right to."

After more than half a century, war is the only way of life that most people in Kashmir know. It's an ongoing tragedy for everyone, and another reminder for Canadians to be grateful for our privileged lot. Even as we send soldiers off to dangerous places, we—and they—can console ourselves with the knowledge that when their job is done, the country they return to is both far and free from war.

Andrew Wilson-Smith

awilson@torstar.com or comment on The Editor's Letter

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KIRK vs KUR'AN



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"Ultimately, zero and even negative growth of the population and the economy will have to be part of our solution to our pollution woes." —JAMES LAY ZIMMER, *OSHA*

Urban plight

"Feeling our cities" (*Conex*, July 29) sounds a call that can be ignored only at our peril. Water, air, congestion, garbage pollution—what are we doing to Mother Earth? There is a Hindu teaching that says, "We do not inherit this land from our ancestors; we borrow it from our children." Too bad we cannot learn from the elders of our First Nations people.

Sam Chait, *Los Angeles Review, Oremington, Ore.*

The article on Toronto's garbage problem ("When there's nowhere left to dump it") reports that discussions are underway to reach a diversity goal of no landfill shipments by 2010. Of course, this is the typical politician's positive the solution, in this case by limiting the number of bags of garbage they can put out and charging by the bag. In this age of goods coming in bulk/proof-of-purchase, don't you think that's where the government should put the heavy restrictions?

Mary Paulin, *Montreal, Que.*

One possibility your article did not consider is that of slowing down the growth of cities until better solutions can be found to their problems. The government punishes the high level of immigration by claiming that the country benefits economically and that Canada needs immigrants to mitigate the problems caused by its aging population. The government's own research, however, makes it clear neither of these assertions is based on facts. The real reasons are much more closely linked to perceived political gains from large-scale immigration. Until our immigration policies are based on our economic needs and our capacity to absorb newcomers, the plight of our cities is only likely to get worse.

Martin Colbourne, *Senior Fellow, Fraser Institute, Vancouver*

In 1992, the federal government made a commitment at the United Nations Conference on the Environment and De-



velopment is to develop safe and environmentally sound renewable energy—then defined as solar, wind, etc., not nuclear—and environmentally sound public transportation. In 1996, at the Human Settlements conference (Habitat II) in Toronto, the federal government made a commitment to move away from our dependency and reduce the ecological footprint. These commitments can only be acted upon if the federal government transfers funds to the urban centres. The federal government instead has decided that the cult of war and "military security" is more important than ensuring the health and safety of citizens living in urban concentrations.

John Ruzicka, *Vancouver*

Alive and lacking field goals

As a proud Canadian, a devoted Canadian Football League fan and the victor of Soupy Sales' Cup, three-time Grey Cup winner for Ottawa and an honored member of the CFL Hall of Fame, I shuddered over Bob McKeown's article "Ode to Ottawa (Football)" (*The Back Page*, July 22). Just goes to show you that you can't keep a good thing down—football is upon again, alive and well in our nation's capital.

Kurt Karschewski, *Toronto*

Watching EnCana

The indigenous people of Ecuador aren't the only ones opposing the new pipeline being built by Canada's largest independent oil company ("Oil change in the rain forest," *Photo Story*, July 29). The Toronto Environmental Alliance (TEA), Greenpeace Canada, the Sierra Club of Canada and the David Suzuki Foundation called on Alberta Energy (now called EnCana) to pull out of the disastrous scheme to expand oil production in ecological reserves and indigenous lands in the Amazon rain forest, and then give the oil out over the earthquake-prone Andean mountains. As the largest foreign investor in the Ecuadorian oil fields and the lead investor in the \$1.7-billion pipeline, EnCana bears a special responsibility for events in Ecuador.

Keith Newsham, *Toronto Environmental Alliance*

Conflicting versions

So Judy Rebick has become increasingly disturbed by the "Israeli occupation of the territories" and the "unethical support for Israel by Canada's organized Jewish community" ("Ramallah resolutions," *Middle East*, July 25). Strange then that she made no mention of Yasser Arafat rejecting the Clinton-ledging proposal in December, 2000. This would have given the Palestinians a state in Gaza, in 97 per cent of the West Bank (according to no less than pro-Israeli Palestinian Authority minister and negotiator Nabil Shaath) and with a capital in the Arab section of Jerusalem. As for suicide bombings, Rebick dismisses Israel's right to defend itself from terror as nothing but a disguised attempt to "protect over-expanding Jewish settlements." Rebick, it would seem, sees nothing else but "occupation" and is so blinded that she even ignores Arafat's own failure to agree to peace initiatives that would have provided his people with independence in a viable Palestinian state.

Simon Boonik, *Director of Public Policy and Israel Affairs, Canadian Jewish Congress, Toronto*

I am a Jew. I am an appalled Jew—appalled that a magazine of the stature of *Maclean's* would publish Judy Rebick's article. I was off to Israel long ago. I am accustomed to watching kindergarten classes going along

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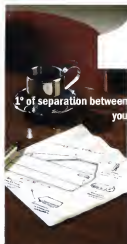
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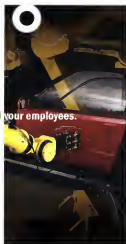
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the streets on outings just like little kids, anywhere, except in front and behind there are guards carrying submachine guns. You do not see such sights in the Palestinian areas, because these little Palestinian children are not the targets for slaughter by politically motivated assassins.

Melissa Martin, Toronto

Rebekk writes that "The state of Israel is not in danger." Yes, it is, the worst danger it has faced since 1948. Arafat's war is not about the West Bank or Gaza. It is about Israel's annihilation and that of the Jews. If it were not, then Jews who wish to do so could live as readily in the West Bank of biblical territory as the new Palestinian homeland in Arafat's Israel. I have yet to see a Palestinian extend that option.

Robert Ford, Vancouver

Thank you Judy Rebek for reminding us that Canada's Jewish community is not monolithic in its view of the Israeli/Palestinian conflict. As a political conservative who happens to be Jewish, I am instinctively suspicious of Rebek's muddled brand of do-gooder socialism. On this issue, however, she could not be more right.

Hester Morgan, Ottawa

Thanks to Judy Rebek for her courageous objectivity. Having lived in Gaza during the summers of 1991 and 1992, I too see the domestic plight of the Palestinians living under Israeli occupation. It appears to me that powerful lobbyists in cahoots with the Western media fail to provide full, candid, objective reporting on the Middle East crisis.

Judy Kitchell, Calgary

Among the many inaccuracies and biased views offered in Rebek's article is her acceptance without challenge of a note sent by Dr. Masada Ben-Gurion, president of the Union of Palestinian Medical Relief Committees, that "What we are witnessing... is an annexation of the West Bank—the same process as in 1948 when the state of Israel was founded on previously Palestinian land." Each time this lie is repeated it gains momentum. In fact, the state of Israel was founded on British Mandate land (1917-1948). The UN offered the Palestinians a state of their own

when it partitioned the mandated land into Israel and a Palestinian state. The surrounding Arab countries and the Palestinians chose instead to attack the new state of Israel. They lost. One also has to wonder, if terrorist attacks by Palestinians are the result of the "occupation" as Rebekk asserts, why they produce the 1967 "occupation"?

Miriam Sweet-Goldstein, Toronto

Judy leaves the impression that aside from the peace movement in Israel, the only people who have lost in their hearts and are seeking a peaceful resolution to the conflict are the Palestinian people she met with. I invite her to log onto any mainstream Arab/Palestinian Web site to understand that the 33-year campaign to eliminate the state of Israel not only continues but has become more intense and sophisticated.

Bob Freedman, Winnipeg

It is important that people recognize the sad story of the Israeli/Palestinian situation. The Zionists established the Jewish state in Palestine in 1948 to liberate themselves from persecution, yet in doing so created 800,000 Arab refugees. As Rebek wisely establishes, "where there is no justice, there will be no peace."

Katy Poylinski, Saffrey, Ont.



AS WITH MUCH REPORTING FROM THE MIDDLE EAST, JUDY REBEK'S "RAMALLAH REVELATIONS" (JULY 23) elicited strong—and contradictory—responses from readers. Many wrote to express appreciation for Rebek's attention toward Ben-Gurion of the West Bank referred to as the daily suffering of the Palestinian people. Most others, however, saw naïveté, bias and misrepresentation in her report. "Masada's," wrote Barbara Freedman of Montreal, "should not be a venue for propaganda."

The business of philanthropy

Like most young CEOs, Aaron B. Gregg has grown up in a welfare state where cradle-to-grave social benefits are provided by government and paid for by taxes, and he mischievously assumes that things have always been this way and should properly continue unchanged ("Capitalists to the rescue," *Essay*, July 29). The truth is, the importance of volunteerism in community affairs, both individual and corporate, is just now beginning to come back into its own, where it was 50, 75 and 100 years ago, before J. S. Woodsworth, M. J. Coldwell, Doris Lewis, Jimmy Douglas and the rest of the "social engineers" of the 20th century (including Madeline King and Pierre Trudeau) went to work metamorphosing Canada from a self-reliant frontier nation into the welfare state it has become. At long last the government is trying to get the private sector reinvolved. It's going to be hard, though. We've been brainwashed now for half a century, and a lot of credible philanthropists (both individual and corporate) have become disenchanted.

John T. Sampson, Toronto, Ont.

The reason for business being in business in the first place is the maximization of profits, and if dabbling into a few traditional "non-business" ventures will only add to the corporate coffers, then that is the motive. Business has neither the stamina nor the funds to sustain the infrastructure of society, and in contrast how poorly governments perform their tasks at times, business will never be a viable option.

Douglas Corbett, Ottawa

It might cost a little more for corporations or their subcontractors to employ groups instead of children in the developing world, and a little more again to give money to an experienced non-governmental organization to run a school for the children in that community, though that is undeniably expensive. But this is also an investment in the corporation's future labour force and market and ultimately in a safer, smarter world in which to operate. It may mean a little less profit in the short term, but then, it all depends how you define profit.

Spencer Hayler, Paris

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MACLEANS BEHIND THE SCENES



A WOMAN OF INFLUENCE

Sally Armstrong, a Maclean's contributing editor (shown above, far right, in a Bogotá, Colombia, shantytown with Canadian artist/producer Guillermo Roldanowski), has been writing about Afghanistan since 1993.

It all started when Armstrong, who was then editor of *Newsweek's*, read a newspaper article about a *Wife-Arson* group called the Taliban. She was stunned by the fact that Afghanistan's women weren't allowed to work or attend school. One woman was beaten for showing her ankles, another had her fingertips cut off for wearing nail polish.

Armstrong's first report from Afghanistan provoked a dramatic response - *Newsweek's* was deluged with letters from more than 5,000 readers. Her most recent book, *Veiled Threat: The Hidden Power of the Women of Afghanistan*, is based on her five visits to the country plus extensive research. She is also UNICEF's special representative to Afghanistan.

Now 58, Armstrong is working on a special documentary on Afghanistan for CBC's *The Passionate Eye* to air this fall. Watch for more stories from Sally Armstrong appearing in Maclean's later this year.

For further information, contact info@maclean.ca or 1-800-387-2225.

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A photograph showing two people diving into a dark, natural pool of water inside a cave. The pool is surrounded by dark, jagged rock formations. A small rainbow is visible on the left side of the pool. The water is very dark, and the overall atmosphere is mysterious and adventurous.

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Students at Hebrew University thought the presence of Arab students would control them.



Watergate Counsel
Uses news release to announce appeal of court ruling setting Nixon's gas mileage: Declines interview requests. On the law that does not speak its own, the minute does not show his face.

7. Jason Chaffetz
 @JChaffetz
 says he'll take a break from work to attend his campaign stops, or, public events, in Vancouver. There'll be aquatime aft, no doubt, while Paul Martin's in town.

■ **Don Boudrie**
He needs to reform
Parliament since
backbench MPs are
already close to power-
ful, says Government
House, London. Right.
And tertiary share-
holders rule the
stock markets.

► John Stanley:
Financial monitor's
average shrinkkill
removes all large-pla-
narded save-Orthen
budget are true
Today's straight-
arrow up could turn
into tomorrow's
pink barrel bag

A. Robert Tillman III
Fisheries minister outlines lobster fishing deal with Maine Church
First Nations, training, conservation—and recreation. There's \$20 million well spent

4. **Unnamed Thruway**
Sax, Ont. drunk:
Passes out in dump
400. Stashed in
garbage truck
compactor. Buried
in landfill. First
concerns in digging
out: how were his
clothes (and his
body) from the
night before?

CALL TO ARMS of the Miami, Que., in Toronto after Colombian gun rillas freed him, say brother of Rodriguez, R.C. and Frenchman Pierre Collignon

Finding Jabarah

A respected Canadian al-Qaeda operative is being held by the U.S. Justice Department at Fort Hamilton military base in Brooklyn, N.Y., according to U.S. officials who were responding to inquiries made by the Canadian embassy in Washington. Mohammad Munasar Jabarah, 26, of St. Catharines, Ont., was arrested in Oman in early June and is believed to have been involved in plans to blow up the U.S. and Israeli embassies in Singapore. The man's father claims his son was taken to Canada by agents working for the Canadian Security Intelligence Service and then handed over to the Americans without being formally charged. U.S. officials say he is being held as a material witness.

Farm aid rolls west

At least 70 mil. cars filled with hay are rolling west from Ontario and Quebec to desperate feed to save hundreds of animals from starvation. The shipment, paid for by donations, comes as the two-year long drought, covering wide parts of Alberta and Saskatchewan, continues to scorch the region. Farmers roasting the hay will be chosen in a lottery. About 10,000 have entered their names but only 50 to 90 will be picked.

The trouble with Angels

The trial of 17 Hells Angels—one of the conflict in Quebec history—is on life support, with lawyers, the jury and the judge bugging over whether to call a new trial. A maximalist verdict announced after five of 12 jurors told Quebec Superior Court Justice Pierre Beliveau they wanted out after learning the case, which began April 19, would not conclude for several months. The trial was postponed on July 22 when Justice Jean-Guy Beaudin announced that he was withdrawing from the case after receiving a letter of reprimand from the Canadian Judicial Council. The council claimed he had shown disrespect toward one of the lawyers in the case.

Political interference charged

The mother of a woman allegedly assaulted by Prince Mohamed bin Salman's son claims a Liberal MP tried to talk her out of pressing charges. Chelmer's adopted son Michel, a 33-year-old graphic artist, is charged with assaulting an 18-year-old

Yukonville woman at his apartment on July 15. The victim's mother claims that after she called the office of Liberal MP Andrew Wilton looking for information, the Liberal MP for the western Arctic riding called her back and urged her not to press charges. Wilton-Andrew, the Secretary of State for Children and Youth, denies the accusation. In 1992 Chelmer's son was convicted of sexual assault in Montreal. He served two years of a three-year sentence in prison, but nine days after being released in 1994, he was charged with assaulting the 16-year-old son of a former

girlfriend, earning him a nine-month suspended sentence.

U.S. tortoise vs. Canadian hare

The U.S. economy is hardly inching forward. Only 6,000 jobs were created in July instead of the 70,000 predicted by economists, and second-quarter gross domestic product grew by an annual rate of just 1.1 per cent. That bad news was coupled with major setbacks to last year's statistics, showing the economy was in a deeper recession than previously announced. GDP barely grew during 2001, managing an annual in-



Sgt. Maj. John Gervin receives a heartfelt welcome from daughter Ashley and son Max upon his arrival in Edmonton. Nearly 300 Canadian soldiers from Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry returned last week after a six-month tour of duty in Afghanistan. Story on page 38.



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THEWEEK

SPUTTERING AGAIN

Change in the U.S. gross domestic product, at an annual rate



Source: Bureau of Economic Analysis

crease of only 0.3 per cent, down sharply from 1.2 per cent previously announced. There was better news north of the border: The Canadian economy is growing at a much faster rate—second-quarter GDP is now estimated to be up by at least 4.5 per cent.

Let's swim

Researchers in Australia test-fired a new supersonic jet engine that could see dry

lead to 45-minute overwater flights between Toronto and London. Engineers scrapped a struts, short for supersonic combustion ramjet, to a rocket and launched both almost 350 km above Earth. On the way back down, the struts engine, fuelled by hydrogen ignited by hot, highly compressed oxygen, was started. Scientists say it will take several weeks to analyze their data, but believe the engine performed successfully. Eventually struts could lead to travel at about eight times the speed of sound.

Nystrom joins the race

Kenn Nystrom, 56, the former boy wonder of the NDP, who was first elected to the House of Commons when he was 23, has entered the race to replace Alex McDonough as party leader. The Saskatchewan NDP joins four other leadership hopefuls and said he plans to campaign on a platform of fiscal responsibility. "When people trust you at the till," he said as he unveiled his campaign on the steps of the Saskatchewan legislature, "then they're likely to vote for you on other issues as well."

Crime | The gruesome murders of an unlikely couple

Karl Luzzo, 25, was a beautiful Ottawa woman attending Philadelphia's Temple University on a scholarship. Bruce Ciavarella, 26, was a tattooed ill who'd served seven years in prison for drugsmen in a Toronto and setting him on fire. They died together in a hall of bullets on July 26 in a South Philly row house, an unlikely couple meeting a tragic end. Luzzo, who grew up in Ottawa's prestigious Rockcliffe neighbourhood and was fluent in English, French, Spanish and Japanese, met Ciavarella through mutual friends five months ago. According to her best friend, Amy Dryden, they were very much in love. Ciavarella arrested four days before the murders with an engagement ring and a promise to marry Luzzo in a year. He proudly announced the event on his Web site: "Bruno is getting married and we plan on breeding prodigy DJ kids."

The couple had planned to travel to Ottawa for the weekend, but they cancelled, telling her parents that Ciavarella had some business to take care of. Police are not saying whether that business involved the two men who arrived at Ciavarella's house that Sunday. An argument broke out, and the

lovers were shot to death with a .38-caliber handgun. Three days later, police arrested Ed Mueller, 27, and charged him with two counts of first-degree murder, a second wife is in custody but police declined to release any details. They are investigating the possibility that drugs or robbery were motives in the killings. A test package containing a reported US\$100,000 was found in the house. In the meantime, Luzzo's parents were left in grief and wonder what might have been. "It's a shame," said her father, Dr. Jay Luzzo, a retired general paediatrician, "that our beautiful girl and her beautiful life had to be cut short."



Ciavarella and Luzzo were recently engaged.

Passages

APRIL Twenty three Cubans, at Toronto for World Youth Day, fled their country's security police during mass with the Pope. The group of mostly young professionals plan on filing for refugee status, citing oppression of religious beliefs and political rights within their country. There are now just over 30 pilgrim defectors.

CHARGED Former WorldCom Inc. chief financial officer Scott Sullivan and controller David Myers were arrested last week for securities fraud. Sullivan allegedly directed Myers to conceal US\$1.8 billion



in expenses by hiding the debt throughout the company's capital accounts. WorldCom filed for bankruptcy protection last month and tens of thousands of employees have been laid off.

DEED William Bruce, a merchant navy war veteran from Montreal West, founded and was the first president of the Canadian Merchant Marine Veterans Association. Bruce helped civilian sailors from the Second World War achieve legislative recognition and compensation for lost post-war reconstruction benefits. He was 77.

DROPPED Twelve felony and misdemeanor charges against NBA star Allen Iverson, 32, of the Philadelphia 76ers, have been dropped. Iverson still faces two misdemeanor charges of terrorist threats, stemming from a domestic incident during which he allegedly threatened two cops.

RETURNS After eight years with the network, Ken Macdonald, 46, national vice-president of news, is leaving Global TV. Macdonald cited personal reasons for his decision.



Aboriginal games | Feeling proud on the playing field

They arrived in Whistler from the south on horses and Red River carts and from the north in canoes and York boats. Their final destination was the historic area called the Forks and the opening ceremonies of the North American Indigenous Games. In all, 4,500 athletes from as far away as New Mexico and the Northwest Territories arrived to take part. Prime Minister Justin Chretien paid a surprise visit to help kick

off the games. Picking up a lacrosse stick, he peppered a young gothic vixen four shots, scoring three times. "I haven't done that for a long, long time," said Chretien.

The opening ceremonies, a \$300,000 event, were staged before 20,000 people. Led by teen British Columbia, the athletes, representing every province and territory in Canada, and 15 U.S. states, streamed on to the field. Participants car-



The gala opening ceremonies featured seven big beavers (left), a huge Nordic banner (above) and traditional native dancers.



ried in native symbols, the eagle staff and medicine wheel. A Sacred Fire was also lit and will burn until the end of the games. The athletes are taking part in the usual events, including track and field, golf, swimming and basketball. But three traditional Aboriginal sports—archery, canoeing and lacrosse—will also be part of the 11-day competition. "It's an opportunity," said Trondy Ennsawagap, from Norway House, Man., "the one to look at my brothers and sisters and be proud of who I am."

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STEERING A CANADIAN COURSE

In a break with the U.S., Ottawa plans to set tougher fuel efficiency targets

IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME since a Canadian government tried to force the auto industry to improve fuel efficiency. The energy crisis scares of the 1970s were still fresh memories when Pierre Trudeau's Liberals passed the Motor Vehicle Fuel Consumption Standards Act in 1982. The law would have given Ottawa the power to set minimum kilometers-per-liter rules, and to fine automakers who failed to meet them. But although Parliament passed the act, it was never proclaimed into law. Instead, after intense lobbying by the powerful car and truck companies, the Trudeau government agreed to let the industry meet targets voluntarily. Since then, the federal approach has been to dilly-dally—crises would say modestly—follow the U.S. lead on fuel efficiency standards.

Almost as usual now in what could turn out to be a bold reversal of policy, Ottawa is again making noises about going it alone. Senior federal officials say they will begin negotiations in September with the big automakers with the aim of arriving at new home-grown standards next year. And the feds' opening bargaining position is ambitious enough to have the industry's lobbyists very jumpy: a 25-per-cent improvement in fuel economy by 2010 for both passenger cars and the light trucks category, which includes popular minivans, sport utility vehicles and pickups. Peter Brault-Bice, assistant director of the Transportation Energy Use Division of Natural Resources Canada, admits that target is open to negotiation. "That's certainly what we'd like to get," he says.

Not if the automakers have their way. Not even close. The industry denies any separate Canadian standards would badly hurt manufacturing efficiency by engineering the North American market. The manufacturing process would become more complex—and more costly—because Canadian requirements had to be taken into account. Mark Nixson, president of



the Canadian Motor Vehicle Manufacturers' Association, warns that Canadian car buyers would bear the burden of the policy until production runs of models designed to meet the new standards might cut costs, and the available selection of bigger, less fuel-efficient vehicles might shrink. "If they are serious about pursuing any unique requirements for Canada, the entire automobile industry is very concerned," he says. "What that means is across of North America is that they are starting to disregard the integrated industry." The implications go beyond the issues for car buyers that Nixson alludes to the prospect of lost manufacturing jobs—a potentially explosive prospect for the big Liberal Ontario caucus.

But Nixson doubts the government will push the file that far. The view is shared by some of the most prominent voices on the other side of the debate—environmental activists who want the Liberals to get tough. "I don't have much confidence," says Peter Tabors, executive director of Greenpeace Canada, which released a major study making the case for more stringent vehicle emissions regulations earlier this year. "The federal government's credibility is very low."

Just how much political muscle gets thrown behind the push for new standards will depend largely on the chance of cabinet ministers involved. Natural Resources Minister Herb Dhalla's department is spearheading the negotia-

tions, but two other key Liberals might turn out to be more vocal opponents. Environment Minister David Anderson badly needs a during now departure to represent his home province of Ontario in a mix of politics to cut Canada's greenhouse gas emissions, especially if Prime Minister Jean Chrétien decides to ratify the Kyoto climate change treaty this fall. Anderson's enthusiasm for cars that go rather than swirl gasoline is well known: he eschews the usual spacious ministerial sedan in favour of Toyota's petite Prius. But Transport Minister David Collette, a powerful Ontario voice at the cabinet table, will be under pressure from his home province's auto sector to fight back.

Ironically, it is developments in the U.S. that have revived the possibility of a Canadian code for fuel economy. According to Brault-Bice, Ottawa remained more than willing to continue to harmonize with U.S. standards until it became clear a few months ago that Washington, with a new House of Representatives in the White House, was abandoning any thought of stricter fuel economy measures this year. In March, the U.S. Senate voted not to set specific new targets for the auto industry as part of a wider energy plan. That plan is still before Congress, but there is next to no chance of any last-minute reintroduction of significant fuel efficiency measures. "It isn't clear exactly what they are going to do, but it isn't going to be much," Brault-Bice says. "We're going to try to get a lot more."

If Canadian policy makers are feeling

bolder, they may be taking their lead from that personal trend setter, California. On July 2, California's state assembly passed a law that will dramatically limit auto emissions of carbon dioxide, the main gas that scientists say is building up in the atmosphere and causing global warming. The automakers are being given lots of time to adjust; the tighter requirements won't apply to new models of cars and trucks until 2008. Still, the industry mounted a fierce campaign against the California law, including an advertisement that warned, "Supporters of this legislation just don't want you driving SUVs, pickups and minivans. If they really had their way, they wouldn't let you drive at all!" Blasting both the ban on the political level, automakers are now vowing to launch a quiet challenge arguing the state has overstepped its jurisdiction.

California's end-blazing is a tip of a hat for advocates of a similar Canadian approach. "It starts in California and Canada and rolls out from there," says Peter Koo, Ontario's executive director of Pollution Probe. "We're a big enough market, similar to California," says Elly Mowat, vice-president of public affairs for the Canadian Automobile Association, which supports Natural Resources' fuel efficiency improvement proposal. The CAA doesn't accept the state industry's case that a Canadian-style regulation, with vehicles certified especially for this market, would end up costing Canadian car buyers more. Mowat says bluntly, "I've never bought that argument."

Just how difficult it would be to achieve one-quarter better fuel economy by 2010 is a hotly debated subject. The target would apply to the average efficiency of vehicles in two categories. Under the current guidelines, all cars sold by each manufacturer must average no more than 8.6 litres/100 km, and all light trucks, including SUVs and minivans, no more than 11.4 litres/100 km. A 25-per-cent improvement would drop those averages to 6.5 litres/100 km for cars and 8.6 litres/100 km for the light truck group. Manufacturers might hit the targets through a mix of new technology and changing marketing strategies to boost sales of smaller vehicles. Because a wide range of vehicles are lumped together to calculate the average, no fuel efficiency minimum would be imposed on specific models. There could still be muscle-bound jets and fast cars for drivers with lady fingers—in so long as enough of the new models put into showrooms did their bit to lower the overall fuel burning average.

Nixson argues there's no easy way for Canada to take the lead, and pleads for patience. While the decision by the U.S. Congress not to proceed with new standards may be frustrating, he says, it's actually a matter of time before the issue makes its way back onto Washington's agenda. The question is whether Ottawa will wait to see what happens whenever U.S. lawmakers next tackle the issue, or, after two decades in Ottawa, finally push up a made-in-Canada policy. ■

SIPPING AND SWILLING

The new and light trucks sold in Canada have a wide range of fuel efficiency. Most of the Top 10 selling models in 2003 fall somewhere in between. Here they rank from the most to the least fuel efficient for both city and highway driving.

MODEL	CITY FUEL CONSUMPTION (L/100 KM)	HIWAY FUEL CONSUMPTION (L/100 KM)
Toyota Corolla	6.1	6.3
2003 Dodge Stratus ES	7.1	6.8
2003 Honda Civic	7.2	6.4
2003 Ford Focus	7.3	6.5
2003 Honda Civic EX	7.4	6.6
2003 Honda Civic LX	7.5	6.7
2003 Honda Civic LX	7.6	6.8
2003 Honda Civic LX	7.7	6.9
2003 Honda Civic LX	7.8	7.0
2003 Honda Civic LX	7.9	7.1
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.0	7.2
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.1	7.3
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.2	7.4
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.3	7.5
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.4	7.6
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.5	7.7
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.6	7.8
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.7	7.9
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.8	8.0
2003 Honda Civic LX	8.9	8.1
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.0	8.2
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.1	8.3
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.2	8.4
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.3	8.5
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.4	8.6
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.5	8.7
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.6	8.8
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.7	8.9
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.8	9.0
2003 Honda Civic LX	9.9	9.1
2003 Honda Civic LX	10.0	9.2

Source: Natural Resources Canada, Statistics Canada, Environment Canada.



BATTLING TRAUMA

Are Canada's troops suffering from burnout?

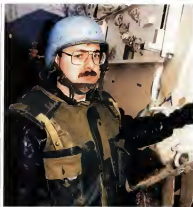
DURING THE FIRST World War, soldiers suffering mental breakdowns were sent home. Decades later, psychiatrists discovered that many combatants were suffering from a condition called post-traumatic stress disorder. Often triggered by the cruelty of warfare, the illness can manifest itself in a number of ways including violent outbursts. Since June 11, the wives of four soldiers at Fort Bragg, N.C., have been slain—allegedly by their husbands, three of whom served in Afghanistan. Canadian soldiers returning from Afghanistan have been sent to a U.S. base in Georgia where they undergo counselling. Sean M. Maloney, who teaches war studies at the Royal Military College of Canada in Kingston, has visited battlefields in Bosnia and Kosovo and is the author of an book on the Canadian military. He discussed post-traumatic stress with *Maclean's* World Editor Sam Donald.

Is the army doing enough to ensure its soldiers can handle the trauma of battle?

"We possessed troops in that area during the second World War, but didn't keep pace with the war until the 1960s, when practically the entire army rotated through Bosnia and Croatia, where our guys were sent into an extremely vicious war. The system was generally unprepared when soldiers started breaking down. There have been suicides and significant psychiatric problems.

Will sending the troops to Gaza help?

In the old days, soldiers would blow off steam by getting drunk, having sex, breaking things and brawling. Then, you would send a month to sit back to Canada, so you had time to adjust. Things changed with Vietnam, where you're fighting in the jungle and 14 hours later your place lands in San Francisco. You're shocked and



Maloney, visiting the Bosnian killing fields above, believes the forces are overwhelmed

need time to unwind and then relegate back into society. By building in time for the vets in Canada, people can blow off steam and get counselling before they head home.

Are the cutbacks putting our troops under unnecessary pressure?

There are people doing their damndest to make that work, but the resources aren't there. We need more soldiers so they are not rotated into the field as often.

What's the military doing to protect soldiers from trauma in the field?

I called to troops involved in body recovery in Croatia in 1993, and they used black humour to handle it. Counselling is available, and in Kosovo, one battalion commander realized his troops should not be involved in digging a prison grave.

What assignment was the most stressful?

Bosnia was the worst. It is believed there

have been an abnormal number of suicides among troops involved in the operation. The savagery around them was beyond understanding. It's one thing to see a body that has been shot. It's another to see one mutilated to the point where you can't tell if it's human.

What triggers the violent outbursts after the soldiers return?

Imagine a guy living with death for six months, and suddenly he comes home and then things start coming apart around the edges. Compensatory small things can trigger extreme reactions.

Is there a problem with public perceptions?

Politicians think post-traumatic doesn't put soldiers under the same stresses as war, but we're dealing with a government still stuck in Trudeau-era think and is not military. In the 1960s, we were involved in suppressing hot spots around the world, not post-traumatic. Canadian society has to accept that these guys are fighting wars on our behalf over there. We need to understand that as a people.



LET US NEVER FORGET

The Prime Minister may pay a price for his nonchalant view of the public purse

WITH HIS UNICANNY eye for folly, John Diefenbaker was a ferocious political opponent. And the former Conservative leader had an easy target in that account: arrogant Liberal cabinet minister C.D. Howe. In 1945, as reconstruction minister, Howe casually dismissed Opposition complaints about big spending with a laconic remark: "I dare say my honourable friend could cut a million dollars from this account, but a million dollars from the war appropriations bill would not be a very important matter." Diefenbaker pounced—and never let go.

During the 1950s, he transformed Howe's remark into a moral tract about Liberal extravagance. "What's a million," Dief would crow to appreciative crowds as he often-crowded the nation. By 1957, he was prime minister. "It became more and more effective," says Denis Smith, author of the Chief's biography *Reign of Fire*. "Diefenbaker really caught the public sense about these spending habits."

Which brings us to Jean Chrétien—and his nonchalant attitude toward the public purse. It has been more than two months since the Prime Minister defended the government's behaviour in awarding massive federal contracts to Liberal-friendly advertising firms after the narrow defeat in the 1995 Quebec referendum. From 1997 until these contracts were cancelled last month, Ottawa poured more than \$70 million into nine firms. The flow of such frightful lost-accounts.com periscope well-contrasted to relatives, sponsoring funding for an event which never happened. Auditor General Sheila Fraser found that officials broke "just about every rule in the book"—and the RCMP is investigating the federal aspect. But at a speech in Winnipeg Liberals on May 26, Chrétien was unrepentant. "Perhaps there were a few million dollars that might have been stolen (my emphasis) in the process," he said, "but how many millions of millions of dollars have

we saved because we have re-established the stability of Canada by keeping it a united country?"

I can't get past that: perhaps a few million dollars were stolen. True, a few million dollars may not be much in comparison with the current pace of corporate malfeasance. And it is a small percentage of the estimated federal revenues of \$174.7 billion this fiscal year. But it came from our pockets. In 2000, the most recent year for which data is available, the average taxpayer paid \$9,115 in federal and provincial taxes, about two-thirds of that in Ottawa. So let's be conservative and say \$2 million may have been stolen. It would have taken 325 taxpayers a year to shuffle together that kind of money to pay the ad agencies to act as middle-men with the spending and/or events that received federal funds. Surely there is a fundamental principle at stake here: "Because it is public money," says David Perry, senior counsel to the associate at the Canadian Tax Foundation, "we are violating the public trust by not spending the taxpayer's money wisely and effectively."

No-wonder Canadians are going up on politics. For more than two years, the Institute for Research on Public Policy has been pumping out current reports on the state of democracy in Canada. Experts have looked fearfully on proportional representation. They have suggested how to improve the budget process by making it easier for ordinary MPs to undertake supply estimates. They have looked for ways to improve civility and so last.

So why has there not been more outrage over the Prime Minister's remarks? When veterans' story strategist John Lauchinger, who advised the PC candidate in the May 13 federal general election, declined to answer a question on whether the government was doing a good job, large numbers said "no." But when he asked how they would vote, the majority answered "Liberal." It was only in the last few days, when voters paid attention, that the side named PC hit them home. And that was before Chrétien's remarks. Lauchinger predicts the same syndrome will happen in the next federal election. "It's war naming a campaign," he says. "I would consider a Chrétien would remember what he said." I can't forget it.

Why has there not been more outrage over Jean Chrétien's comment: "Perhaps there were a few million dollars that might have been stolen"?

the spending of third parties during federal elections. (Peter Dobell, founding director of Ottawa's Parliamentary Centre, which works to strengthen world legislatures, has proposed that ministers' parliamentary secretaries and Commons committee chairs be left in place for more than the usual two years—so they can make a real contribution to legislation.)

The IRPP series was launched with a poll in early 2000 which probed Canadian attitudes toward politicians and the political process. The most shocking finding is that disturbing numbers of younger Canadians are politically disengaged—and staying that way as they age. So IRPP president Hugh Scott started his guest "We begin the research series," he says, "because of collapsing voter turnout, fidelity and, presumably, the lower level of party membership in recent history and the fall-off in political participation" (Only 41.2 per cent of eligible voters cast a ballot in the 2000 election—the lowest election turnout in Canadian history).

Taken together, the IRPP's collection of elite booklets and numerous articles is an achingly worthy prescription for better news and its dissemination. Every day, how you use money, public opinion when the Prime Minister's remarks has lost touch with the voters. At the very least, when the efforts of so many taxpayers have been squandered, I would expect remorse from the person who is supposed to set the example. Not a defense, self-censoring (she).

So why has there not been more outrage over the Prime Minister's remarks? When veterans' story strategist John Lauchinger, who advised the PC candidate in the May 13 federal general election, declined to answer a question on whether the government was doing a good job, large numbers said "no." But when he asked how they would vote, the majority answered "Liberal." It was only in the last few days, when voters paid attention, that the side named PC hit them home. And that was before Chrétien's remarks. Lauchinger predicts the same syndrome will happen in the next federal election. "It's war naming a campaign," he says. "I would consider a Chrétien would remember what he said." I can't forget it.

Mary Janghan's column appears every other issue. maryj@maclean.ca

FUN AND GAMES

Commonwealth athletes rack up the medal count

AT 5-FOOT-6 and with one 17-foot, Ian Thorpe would stand out anywhere. Add to that formidable physique great natural talent and a penchant for hard work, and it's no surprise the Australian swimmer has emerged as the undisputed star of the XVII Commonwealth Games. The 19-year-old Aussie—who has won 11 world or Olympic titles, setting 17 world records in the process—continued his winning ways in Manchester, garnering four gold medals by week's end. The British tab reported The Thorpedo's every move.

Well, none of the 281 Canadians among the 5,900 athletes from 72 countries at the former British Empire performed their own star turns. Montreal's Chantal Rossier won the 800-m wheelchair race—and made history as the first disabled athlete to grab a recognized gold medal at a multi-sport games. Canada also had its share of two-gold winners, including Montreal diver Alex Desjardis, gymnast Kate Richardson of Coquitlam, B.C., and Byle Shawfish of Calgary, and weightlifter Maylene Tancoste of Sherbrooke, Que.

Meanwhile, Toronto's Jonathan Power, the bad boy of the aquatic world, best his long-time nemesis, Piers Nicol of England, for gold. In all, Canada had 90 medals by week's end, including 22 gold, 32 silver and 36 bronze, with four bronze still to fight gold-medal heats. The country seemed destined for third place in the standings, behind Australia and England.

Then there's Lia Wenbin's contribution. The Toronto swimmer lost her bronze medal in the 200-m individual medley after the silver medalist, temporarily disqualified, was reinstated in second place. Officials gave Wenbin a special award for outstanding sportsmanship. "That makes her a winner in every Canadian's books."



Clockwise from right: Stephanie McCane of Surrey, B.C., vaulted to bronze; gymnast Richardson was all-around champion; Mark Boward of Hampton, Ont., jumped to gold; Thorpe blew everyone else out of the water; Power spearheaded his appointment, and Pettibone made history



Old flames

THERE'S A SHORTAGE of men at the Brook House afternoon tea dance, so Margaret Mager sits this one out. Swerving sensuously on the edge of her chair, the 82-year-old widow keeps time to the rhythms of *Standar* while three dozen dancers, most of them octogenarians, swirl and reel around the sun-filled ballroom. Mager nods towards a grinning man manœuvring a heavy, swollen-footed partner across the parquet in this mansion-turned-seniors' center in Vancouver's tony West Point Grey neighborhood. "He had a slight stroke last week," she says. "And Warwick [Black's] knees are gone, but he gets up." An athletic jaiet here, a walker and hearing aids over there—the silver-haired men seem out of sync with the flushed cheeks and dirty eyes. "We all have health problems," says Mager, a legally blind diabetics. Then, under her breath, "I'm still sexual." She rises onto the arms of her next dance partner, and John Barwick takes a seat. "When I come to these dances," says the 74-year-old widower, wearing a conservative grey suit and a knowing look, "I'm traveling."

Seniors "traveling?" For romantic partners, even so! Absolutely. The greatest romancers at Brook House, like a growing contingent of elderly people, are quietly

shaking off the nuptial old notion that love—and lovemaking—are for the young. Older singles are hooking up in all the old familiar places: at dinners and bridge clubs, on cruises and bus trips, and in the hundreds of seniors' centers and retirement communities across the country. They are also logging onto the Internet, posting personal ads and signing up with dating agencies in their search for a companion.

The pool of eligibles is expanding now that the seniors' population is one of the fastest growing segments of society. In the past decade, the number of Canadians over 60 jumped 41 per cent to 932,000. The entire 65-and-over population climbed to 3.3 million, but aging isn't what it used to be—70, it seems, is the new 50. "People think of themselves as younger—and with good reason," says New Yorker Dr. Robert Butler, co-author of the best-selling book *The New Love and Sex after 60* and organizer of the term "ageless." "We are seeing an increasingly healthy and robust population of 65 plus." Thunder Bay, Ont. gerontology researcher Lee Sackett—co-author, with her gerontologist husband, Michael, of *Sex May Be Hard on the Heart*—notes that only five per cent of Canadians over 65 are in long-term care facilities. "A very small number are really

As Canada greys, older people are mixing the notion that love—and lovemaking—are for the young



Thomas and Katherine well in hospital after living together 30 years

sick. Over the hill is simply there is no hill."

Today's pensioners may accept seniors' discounts, but many balk at the 5 word itself. "I'm a very active old person," says Louis Smith, a 79-year-old Vancouverian. "I'm too physically young to be a senior." The retired engineer joined a seniors' centre to look for company after his first wife died in July, 1999. Eight months later, convinced that trying to court elderly women across a bridge table was a dead end, he registered with a Toronto matchmaking agency. "I am accustomed to being married—I want of companionship, somebody to travel with," says Smith. "But there just wasn't a good forum for meeting people." Smith's phone began to ring all the time. The agency had matched him with 23 women; he met 22 of them in a pleasant but unsuccessful round of coffee and dinner dates. "A lot of women don't want a 79-year-old," says Smith. "They worry they'll be looking after you the rest of their lives." He nearly gave up. But the last call came from teacher Susan, now 63. Once again, Smith is a happily married man.

Well, energetic older no longer view loneliness as an unavoidable part of aging. "If you don't have somebody to love, you may as well call it quits," says Bob Wain, one of the sharply rising number of elderly people who have been divorced (his second marriage ended when his wife died). The New Westminster, B.C., pensioner found his third wife, Helen, now 85, at a community social in 1996 and, a year later, whisked her off to Hawaii. "We got married on the beach just before dusk," says Wain, 83. "We had music, less and a photographer—the whole bit."

But many old folks have great difficulty finding Mr. or Mrs. Right 50. Demographics are especially cruel to older widows. While roughly 22 per cent of widowed men over 65 remain within five years, only six per cent of their female counterparts become brides again, according to one estimate. Not surprising, given that men tend to marry younger women who usually go on to outlive them. Although senior men are closing the gap, there are only those men for every four women aged 65 and over. At 85, women outnumber men more than two to one. In the competition for a dwindling number of prospects, some females try creative tactics. "Too many women go to funerals, and

The Youngs (left) and the Sewalls sit it out at a tea dance while Vicky McGeehan and John Barry hit the floor



they are on the hunt," says one Winnipeg man. "I see all these women chasing men." Certain aging romances choose clothes to conquer. "I dress for men," says Vancouverite "Sybil," 62, who's convinced that "Jack," the 78-year-old man in her life, stopped scanning the personals because he found her sexy. "I wear really short skirts. I get every look that priggish, old-fashioned old lady women have."

Older men, meanwhile, are at a premium whenever seniors gather. "They get treated like king," says Owen Austin, administrator of Vancouver's Brook House Society. "There is a lot of hawking of eyelashes going on." If the guy can dance, he's especially prized. And, says New Westminster, B.C. divorcee and consultant Mary Pickett, 70, "That joke is very, very true: 'Oh, he's a hot one—he can drive at night.'" Some men are flattered by the attention. "I didn't do well in high school," says Brook House habitué Bernard. "There was nothing more ruthless than the bubbly senior. One or two guys got the girls and the rest of us were wallflowers. But now I have a second chance." The bubblee keeps Herbert Gledhill, 74, busy at gatherings of a Victoria social group called People Meeting People. "I sometimes sit with six ladies,"

says the septagenarian. "I have to keep them all happy dancing."

The promise awaits other Vancouverians. Kennedy, a 30-year-old Vancouver widower, had to find off a matchmaker as one date. "We had a lot of good weddings last year," she told the handsome widower. "Maybe we can fix you up." The sub-40-year-old Kennedy made a very clear "No, no, I'm not interested," he replied. "I had a good marriage for 34 years. All I want is a dating partner."

Once older people connect, they still find themselves on the age-old gender battlefield. Like their younger counterparts, elderly men, it seems, are from Mars and senior women from Venus. Senior fellows, for example, will tend to like compliant women, but older females are often more free-spirited than they've ever been. And apart from The Golden Girls rerun, little love lives have few role models. Recovered British author Denis Leary explores the subject in his recent novel *Love, Again*, about a 65-year-old who questions the appropriateness of love with a much younger man. *Aspirin* director Paul Cox took a forgettable look at it in *Passions*, a recent, risqué movie about two lovers in their 70s. Perhaps a more realistic treatment of

the issue appeared in Lynn Johnson's *For Better Or For Worse* comic strip in May. "Loving is arguably a more romantic," says the cartoon's Grandpa, explaining why he and his girlfriend decided not to marry. "I never see her plucking her chin hairs and the never see me without my tooth."

HE WAS A retired Vancouver broker, 62, whose wife had long ago lost interest in sex. She was a 62-year-old widow whose husband had died 15 years earlier. "It was his move, not mine, that started it all," she says of their 30-year affair. She and her lover both worked as volunteers at a seniors' centre. The romance began with furries. "He'd be hugging me and kissing me," says the widowed mother of six and grandmother of 18, now in her early 80s. "I was a long time without a partner. I'm a very sexual person, and he awakened that in me. And he needed it so much." The couple met at her home a couple of times a week, often after playing croquet. "When somebody comes along and you get another chance—why not?" she says. "It didn't hurt anybody. And we were very much in love."

"That I don't think I would have married him. I had got used to being alone. And he

had that old-fashioned idea that you never left your wife." In fact, the match well knew about the liaison and tolerated it. The affair is now over—ended by his Alzheimer's. "It's difficult not to be around him," says the woman. She laughs at tears by telephone, but never knows if he'll confuse her with his wife or remember who she is.

LOVE IN THE golden years? OK. But shouldn't elderly sweethearts stick to holding hands? Our youth-obsessed society pressures—or maybe hopes—that the sex drive disappears after middle age. "Some people's idea of sex with older people is, 'Pew—these old people with wrinkled bodies, what are they doing, wanting to be carried along, fiddling around in bed?'" observes Victoria divorcee W. Russell, 67. A streamer of seniors and sexuality typically compares up Viagra jokes. But while the drug-and-other treatments have helped lengthen some seniors' penitence, there's a greater need to separate outdated cultural attitudes. "The myth is that if you are over 60, you are a dried up old prune and you don't do it," says author Stacey "Of course, you do it."

But the myth of seniors' ardency seldom comes from ignoring the reality game. The idea of going on a date—with

the inherent expectation it could lead to romance—embarrasses many seniors, says Hollingsworth. With sociologist Kim Balfanz, one of the few experts to have studied seniors' dating patterns. "It's sort of an underground activity. There's a covert side to it all because they're afraid society won't accept it." One elderly woman, who lived staying overnight with her boyfriend, told Balfanz she would take her portable phone to her neighbours' apartment as one her daglines called.

Only recently has the burgeoning gerontology industry—focused mainly on the old and frail—begun to pay attention to seniors' sexuality. With romances happening at ever older ages, seniors' facilities are facing new demands from residents who want double beds and privacy. "We don't know much about any aspect of 80-year-old's social life because we never had a huge group of 90-year-olds," says Paula David, a social worker and gerontology teacher at Ryerson University in Toronto who published one of the first Canadian articles on sexuality in elderly females earlier this year. In her paper, David reports on the attitudes and experiences of a discussion group that included some 50 women living in a seniors' apartment building. Her find-



The number of Canadians over age 80 has jumped dramatically, and many won't continue to stay alone. Mager and Bluck: Benham

ing? "Intimacy and sexuality never lose importance—over 80 and 90 year-olds still see themselves as social creatures. They are a horny, lusty crowd, not necessarily so, but in the perception of themselves it is terrible that we put them on the shelf."

In the discussion group at Toronto's Baycrest Centre for Geriatric Care, where David is an staff—one woman announced that her granddaughter had given her a vibrator for her 90th birthday. Brodie David: "She said, 'It's the best present I've ever received. It changed my life and made me much more content.' All the other ladies went, 'What's a vibrator?' They were completely taken aback, and then one of them said, 'Oh you mean for pleasuring yourself?' I've got some really pleasuring ladies here, but they all know what masturbation was."

More than 85 out of the 80 people in a study conducted by sociologist Bluckoff said they were sexually active with their dating partners. "That doesn't mean that every time they went out on a date they were having sex," she explains. Hugs, kisses, Bluckoff notes, voice touching and holding as much as the act of sexual intercourse. In the age of AIDS, there is a certain wariness

"They, there are so many ethics out there," says Dee McIlwain, a tall, dashing, 67-year-old second-floor woman living in Victoria. "I like to know who I'm going to bed with." More active women, he claims, make willing partners. Barwick agrees. "If you are loyal, you can get enough sex with as you can handle at my age." But he isn't one to go for a younger partner. "I want someone who knows the score, somebody I have something in common with intellectually. I don't want to be popping Viagra to keep one of those high-powered young things going. I don't want to die of a heart attack."

Some elderly people, including Brock House regular Mager, believe sex is better later on. "You have nothing to worry about. You are not going to have a child or be tied down." Although they came of age well before the '60s, the sexual revolution seems to have reached many seniors, particularly women who had been taught to ignore their own pleasure. "Women don't mind letting you know if you're doing something wrong," says the twice-divorced McIlwain.

IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT at the Esquimalt Legion, British Columbia's West Coast and Okanagan Valley are big retirement centers, and the Victoria area—of which

Esquimalt is part—is one of the country's most elderly populations. The Legion, meanwhile, is a hot spot for older. Tonight the dance floor is packed as 80-year-old Bill Zudberg, 56, a self-styled one-year head, keeps the crowd hopping as he belts out *In the Mood* on his trumpet. "There is quite a bit of romance," says the 58-year-old musician between sets. "I see it all the time from up here." He scans the rows of red-checkered tables and points to recent love matches, including a pair of newlyweds in their 80s. At a nearby table, McIlwain talks about all the amorous romances that plays out at the Legion—"It's real Pymon Place." With his concert girlfriend, a blond, pony-tailed 63-year-old who could easily pass for 50, admission to Shub, Austin and Fall in a dance corner, he means about the vagaries of the seniors' dating scene.

"I'm really enjoying my senior years and playing the field," he says. "But dating is a hassle because women now think of themselves as equal. Of course, they are equal. But women want to date the way they did 50 years ago and have today's perks. They don't like to cook anymore. They want the man to do the cooking or go to fast food outlets. They are so terribly independent now. They don't have to take crap from



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anybody. But why do women in my age group think if somebody asks them out they should be able to leave their wallets at home?"

Older women's increased independence often translates into a reluctance to marry. Elderly men tend to be more interested in matrimony than women. "I believe in the organization," says McVinish. "Once you're married, life suddenly smooths." But many of them, having attained financial security, and caught up in the busyness of the business their daughters and granddaughters have disengaged, are happy to live by themselves and try single—even as they yearn for romance. Those who married a spouse through a long illness are particularly averse to becoming carefree again. "I've always needed a man in my life," says Winnipegger Edith Dylak, 55. But the twice-married widow has turned down two marriage proposals in the past three years. "I've been there and done that," she says. Another Winnipeg widow, 79-year-old Jane Johnson, is of the same mind: "I don't know what I would want to wash somebody's socks and underwear again."

One B.C. housewife believes she has the perfect alternative to marriage—she dates a gay man. "It works beautifully," says the former teacher, who wants to remain anonymous to protect her to the closest man. Close friends, the couple enjoy frequent dinner and theatre dates. It's an arrangement she recommends. "Guys don't want to move in and they don't want you to look after them," she says. "They don't hit on you."

Old age can be lonely for senior guys and lesbians—a generation who came of age before gay pride. "I've never been in a relationship with another man," says the retired teacher's companion, still struggling with the discrimination he endured in a small Alberta town before he moved to the coast a few years ago. He likes the cover of a male friend's relationship. "I live in a seniors' building and I wouldn't dare come out," he says. "It wouldn't be safe. The community is conservative—that's the way they grow up. Give it 20 years—there will be gay seniors' housing."

SURROUNDED BY FAMILY, a few friends and nursing staff, widow Edith McGregor and widower Ross Thomson, 73 and 76,

"If you don't love somebody to love, you may as well call it quits... We got married on the beach in Hawaii, before dusk. We had music, leis, the whole bit."

BOB WALKER/REUTERS

exchanged vows in March in the sunroom of the chronic care ward at a Toronto hospital. Thomson, who was being treated for complications following angiotensin surgery (he returned home last week), wore pyjamas and a robe for the 15-minute ceremony. The two had been living together for 10 years, despite having grown up in an era when society frowned upon common-law unions. "Oh, you would be an outcast," Thomson says. But the couple, encouraged by their children, put aside their misgivings and moved in together. Thomson proposed a decade ago, but McGregor would have neither spousal benefit from her late husband's workplace pension if she'd accepted. Last year, after the employer's rules changed, they became engaged. But their plans to wed last July dissolved when Thomson underwent surgery. After several months of hospitalization, "Ross said, 'To be with this, let's get married anyway,'" recalls McGregor. "The day we got married and I walked down the corridor with Ross, I don't think I felt so content in all my life."

For elders who find love and perhaps marriage, the winter years can be a time of great comfort and joy—if the union is a workable one. Serious health problems proved to restrict fire chief Lee Herder, 63, what countless studies on the physical and emotional benefits of marriage have suggested. "It is healthier," the Sechelt, B.C., resident says of his 10-year union with Margaret, 77. "I was in the hospital a couple of times. Marg was there all the time, worrying, looking after me. It was wonderful, that's what kept me going."

But older lovebirds often have to deal with the objection of their adult children. Money—the loss of pensions or questions of property and inheritance—keeps couples apart, or causes familial rifts. Increasingly, earning home administration find themselves caught between their

anxious elderly charges and angry offspring who expect their parents to stay out of other people's beds. It's a touchy subject that can to the core of children's grief and loyalty to the deceased parent, and put those feelings against the needs of the surviving spouse. "Marg feels she was deserted," says Herder, who remarried within a year of his first wife's death. He admits he aggravated the situation by leaving only one of his six children to the wedding. "I was lonely, I wanted to get it over with," he recalls of the small ceremony, arranged on short notice. His children accept the marriage now, he adds. "They know I'm a stubborn ass."

When Lorna O'Brien and Carrie McMillan, newlywed congenialists from Winnipeg, announced they were getting married in April, O'Brien's daughters were fearful before offering congratulations. O'Brien now lauds their reaction to her new husband. "They are terribly nice to him, but they don't want him to usurp the place of their father," she says. At the same time, the adds, her marriage has relieved them of some responsibility. "This isn't why they said 'Go for it,' but this does take an awful lot of pressure off them. We are terribly close, but they don't have time to phone me every day. They don't have to do all those tedious things."

But some people outside their families and circles of friends probed—and probed—O'Brien and McMillan. "One lady looked me in the eye and said, 'Why,'" says O'Brien. "People like to tell little jokes—'How many children are you going to have?' Despite those aggravations, the two are thrilled to have found each other. "We are both in good health and hope we have a few good years left," says O'Brien. "It isn't our lucky."

MOST WEDNESDAY afternoons, without fail, Roger Korthman, the 96-year-old DJ at the Beach House on dance, plays *And I Love You*, a signal that the dance is about to end. The sentimental ritual evokes some crumbly emotion. Others understand it as a healthy reminder to enjoy music while they live. "You never know," says regular Martin Garrick, 85. "Next week one of us may not be here." Until then, whether the elderly remotes have a partner or not, there is the happy consolation of familiarity, and the waltz of life itself. □



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Mohammed Abrar and members of his extended family live and work their farm amid enchanting beauty, but bombs and death can disrupt their lives at any time



'IT'S NOT EVEN OUR WAR'

A Kashmiri patriarch wishes India and Pakistan would leave his region in peace

When the British government partitioned the Indian subcontinent in 1947, it was left with the question of what to do with Kashmir. Should the mountainous region join India or Pakistan? Even though Kashmiri people opted to join India, the British did not interfere, but said Kashmir should hold a referendum to confirm the decision. The vote never

took place—war immediately broke out, with both India and Pakistan claiming Kashmir. The violence ended in 1949, when the United Nations drew a demarcation line that, in effect, carved Kashmir in two. But neither side dropped its claim to the entire territory, and fighting flared again in 1965 and 1971. Now the two countries, both equipped with nuclear weapons, are again battling over

the region. The latest hostilities were triggered after India claimed Muslim militants from Pakistan were launching cross-border raids. The subsequent artillery duels between India and Pakistan troops have killed hundreds and forced thousands from their homes. *Forbes* photographer Adman R. Khan visited Kashmir last month and found residents angry at both sides. His report

IN KASHMIR, nothing is as it seems. The rolling green hills have suddenly laced in an eerie smog hanging back from the river ridge. Below them in the lush valleys, farmers ply their fields in the midst of what has essentially been a war zone for more than 50 years. Construction is the constant in this enigmatic and enduring region where life can be suddenly snuffed by bombs and death. "A mortar could drop on our heads at any moment," says Pakistani Brig. Iftikhar Ali Khan, dressed in a camouflage uniform as he stands near the Line of Control, the de facto border between India and Pakistan. "See the brown line on that ridge? That's India's forward-most post. They're watching us as we speak."

Bombs often rain down on the locals, and the body count continues to mount while India and Pakistan battle over ownership of a chunk of land neither of them really has a right to. Most of the 12 million living in the disputed territory will tell you this is Kashmiri land, neither Pakistan nor India really claim to it. Forgotten in the political tug-of-war are the people themselves, the quiet and unassuming Kashmiris who continue to build terraced homesteads on mountain sides and irrigate orchards along precarious cliff faces. In the village of Chulochi, nestled among the emerald mountains of the Dalgat Valley, the Mohammed family continues to do what it has done for generations: farm a small plot of land on which they grow wheat and plums. They've lived in Kashmir for so long, so most of them can remember or recount in family stories. Mohammed Abrar, the slender, white-bearded patriarch now in his 70s, recalls days when there was no fighting. But what is foremost in his mind now is war and destruction, and the chaotic series of events that seem to follow him wherever he goes.

"When I moved my family here in 1945," says Mohammed, looking back against the mud wall of his flat-roofed house that houses 34 members of his extended family, "I was trying to escape the conflict. I had no idea then that this place would be so near to

the fighting. At the time, it just looked like a race place to settle."

The family's turmoil happens to straddle the Line of Control. The perimeter of the property is literally a woman's throw from the Indian army post Brij. Khan pointed to father, Mohammed, who had about all he can take. "I just wish they'd go to war once and for all and settle all their nonsense," he says, raising his arms and shaking his hands wildly, as if the sooner alone would show the soldiers away.

All Kashmirans can do is cope. "It's not once our war," Mohammed says, dining out of his seat in frustration. "We just want to choose our own future. That's what we were promised in 1947 and we're still waiting for it." With the 1949 UN resolution calling for a plebiscite to decide Kashmir's fate, a distant memory, many Kashmirans have resigned themselves to a military solution.

That's cold comfort considering that both India and Pakistan are armed with nuclear weapons that Mohammed doesn't appear overly concerned about the potential for Armageddon. "There, you can see the Indian soldiers watching in night vision," he says, waving his hand dismissively at a small brown road on the hillside 50 meters past a small creek. "They're always watching us. Makes me nervous when I go to sleep."

Despite the danger, the Kashmirans can be oddly light hearted, business in a way that is uncharacteristically dark and somber. And Mohammed, surrounded by a gaggle of grandchildren, crumpled wrinkles deepening on his face with every explosion of laughter, seems strangely relaxed in the face of the growing danger. "We're not the type to start a war," he says, taking a my firm his cup of hot green tea. "In 1947, everyone was talking about democracy and freedom, but we haven't seen any of it. But all this bombing back and forth, these nuclear threats, that is not our way. We are a peaceful people."

Many residents have fled Chakothi, and those who remain live in a curious state of calm, undisturbed by the threat of heavy fire and unwilling to abandon their picturesque homes. The local mosque and school were bombed into rubble during an exchange of mortar fire in May, narrowly missing the 400 schoolchildren playing in the park. "This is our home," says Mohammed with a shrug. "And I'm a



A Pakistani soldier is both the watcher and the watched when on border duty.

farmer so what am I supposed to do? We've become accustomed to the fighting—when the bombs come, we hide."

Most of the farms in the area have bomb shelters and Mohammed's 12-year-old grandson, Mohammed Sayed, happily points to the one beside his grandfather's house. "The whole family hides together in there," he says in the piping voice of adolescence, "sometimes for hours." A woman need barely crouch through the light spilling into the darkness from the shelter's open doorway, and Sayed giggles as he leads down the steps into the pitch blackness.

On May 18, when Chakothi saw the worst day of bombing in over a decade, the Mohammed family, all 24 of them minus one, stayed huddled in the shelter for eight hours. The cow, Tahir Bibi, Mohammed's daughter-in-law, didn't make it there in time. She was hit by shrapnel from a bomb dropped to cause maximum damage to humans. "It never hit the ground," says Sayed, mimicking the flight of the device with his hand and spreading his fingers over his head. "It exploded in the air above you, and the shrapnel is what kills." It's a cliche warning such as explicit description of a bomb from a 12-year-old boy. "Do you want to see where it happened?" he asks, turning and walking off down one of the narrow paths between the fields of wheat.

Bibi, like most women in Kashmir, was in her family's field working when the bombing started. But for some reason, she didn't run straight home. Instead, based on where her body was found, she had likely started toward the cows, not realizing her three children had accompanied her to the family's shelter. "She was probably heading for the school," says her husband, Mohammed Sule, standing solemn in the remnants of his suit on the main strip of Chakothi that was hit by a bomb the same day as her wife died. "We thought her children were there, so that's where she wanted to be."

All Haseeb, Bibi's uncle, describes how he carried her body, a chunk of shrapnel imbedded in her left temple, back to the house where her children were waiting. Her sister-in-law talks about her devotion to her husband and children. It is a tragic story, but Bibi's legacy outside her family circle will be relegated to an anonymous statistic in the army ledger. May 18, 2002—one dead in Chakothi Sector.

Back at the Mohammed family house, the children now laugh and chase each other around the play sets. But Mohammed Akbar's mind is still on the war. Who would he prefer to be with, Indian or Pakistani? "It's not so simple for me," he answers. "I want to shake hands with my Muslim brothers and sisters on the other side. We've been split for 50 years. But I want to do it not as a Pakistani or Indian, but as a Kashmiri, living in a free Kashmir."



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READY FOR YOUR CLOSE-UP, PEPSI

Toronto's Phillip Hart pitches products for placement in movies and TV shows

THE KNIFE GLISTENS as it slices its New Blood pools along the edge of its long blade. A man wearing a mask daps the knife lightly, his fist held high and hands held white, ready to strike as a moose's moose. He's stalking the halfway of a sausage for the issue. Already, one person has been gruesomely beheaded; others have been lazily stabbed and you know there's more to come. After all, it's the recently released *Halloween: Resurrection*, the horror film starring Jamie Lee Curtis. Tension is rising, ominous music swells. There are screams. "Look!" says Phillip Hart, in an urgent whisper from his seat in the audience. "Pepsi, right there!"

Hart hates horror movies. Using a small notepad, he hides the screen from view as the scary parts. But he's here on opening

day, counting the number of times the product he represents are shown. As founder and president of Toronto-based MMI Product Placement Inc., he says it doesn't matter that he doesn't like the genre—because a lot of other people do.

Product placement is a nascent but growing segment of the multi-million-dollar marketing industry. With less hype or hard sell than direct advertising, placing brand-name products inside television shows or movies gives them subtle exposure in so called natural settings. There's more product placement in movies than in TV, and more in the U.S. than Canada.

In this country, there are two main operations. Hart's MMI and Premier Entertainment Services Inc., also of Toronto.

Hart gets retailers of \$15,000 to \$50,000 for pushing his stable of consumable items.

wood, product placement's home base, is where the business is the most sophisticated. In *Minority Report*, this summer's sci-fi movie starring Tom Cruise, director Steven Spielberg worked with an agency to create a "branded world"—and picked up about a quarter of the film's \$500 million budget from more than 15 brands, including Lexus, American Express and Gap. The James Bond franchise, one of the earliest product placements, continues to be among the more extensive reportedly. Agent 007's \$366,000 Aston Martin Vantage, from Ford, along with products from Reebok, Omega, British Airways, Visa and others, amount to deals and marketing

support worth an estimated \$160 million. MMI and Premier each represent about 25 accounts. MMI's Hart works on 180 movie and TV productions a year, and receives an annual retainer, ranging from \$15,000 to \$50,000, from his clients to pitch their products to set designers and prop masters. MMI is a small business: six people work in its downtown warehouse office space. They and hundreds of scripts sent by the studios, sporting scenes where clients' products would work. Or not. Like, a house party of underage drinkers is not where a brewer wants its beer. And a spectacular car crash due to falling brakes is not where an automaker wants its vehicle.

In *Halloween: Resurrection*, Tyra Banks, one of the world's most popular models, plays a ditzy blond who in one close-up is speaking on her cellphone. Correction: her Ericsson cellphone, the brand name in crisp white letters along its edge, right beside Banks's face. Banks, light-blue life mouth. The name is crystal clear. Hart explains later, because he's had a specially made label stuck on the phone. "The beauty of product placement is it gives that third party, mobile endorsement," Hart says. "Nothing else offers that."

For the creative types, the name of the game is authenticity—and a chance to cut out. The *Elvis Presley*, a new *Alliance Atlantis* series for CTV that will be in production this fall, is about the making of a TV current affairs program. Much of the drama unfolds in the editing room. Recently, Alliance struck a deal with Apple Computer Inc. to use its Macintosh editing equipment and software. "That saved us money," says *Elvis* show producer Sean Dunne. "Product placement also lends a large degree of realism to our sets from the director's point of view. They get creative viability." The trick, a producer like Dennis Kowalski, is to avoid stepping over the fine line separating authenticity and advertising.

Global Television, using one step closer to that line, was the first broadcaster in Canada to introduce serious product placement. During broadcasts of finished dramas or even of the NFL game, the network digitally inserts logos and billboards in such a seamless fashion that it looks as though they've been there all along. Thanks, the largely successful 1999-2000 series set in an environment



Hart attacks FedEx on CTV's *Cold Squad* (top), BMW in *Double Jeopardy*, Pepsi in *Stacy's Movie*, all filmed in Vancouver.

Film, was the first drama in Canada to feature discrete product placement. Global digitally inserted screen inserts on the studio's computers, banner ads in bus shelters, and sandwich boards on the sidewalk. Unlike traditional product placement, the broadcaster charges a fee, comparable to the cost of a 15-second commercial but variable according to how long the item is actually seen.

Part of the attraction of discrete placement, says Ken Johnson, who oversees Global's TV advertising sales, is its flexibility. An advertiser can switch a new product into the spot when a show is in hiatus—for instance, a movie billboard on a bus shelter can be updated for a car race release. "It's definitely breaking new ground," Johnson says.

Placing ads and products made TV drama and sports events a partly a response to technological advances that make life more comfortable for the couch potato—

and less so for advertisers. From the advent of the remote control to the latest digital video recorder, avoiding TV commercials has, step by step, become easier. "It was always skipping, zapping, muting. Now, it's called skipping," Hart says of the ability of recorders to jump through the commercials. Product placement, he notes, gets around that.

The overall view is that programs will be created solely as showcases for products, or worse, that advertising firms, in a new mega convergence play, will take over the creative side of the business from broadcasters and producers. Already, there are harbingers. No *Soundbites*, a reality show sponsored by Ford, features a number of different Ford SUVs each week and shares its life with the season's marketing campaign, advertising giant J. Walter Thompson was instrumental in bringing Ford together with the series' Vancouver-based producer, Lions Gate Television. Hart, though, rejects the notion that advertisers will take over show business. "It'll never work," he says. "You can't control the creative process."

Until a movie is out, Hart never knows whether his products are on screen or in the editing room. But in the latest *Halloween* film, with its teenage demographic, Hart has done well for his clients, including Pepsi. Early into *Halloween: Resurrection*, a security guard at the sanatorium stands before a bank of video monitors showing the institution's corridors. In the center screen, a Pepsi vending machine is visible. Hart likes that, but he practically jumps out of his seat with glee a few moments later when the guard, awestruck, reaches into the front of the machine, with Pepsi's round logo in full colour view for about six seconds. "To make it even better, an adjacent vending machine is loaded with more of Hart's client products: Frisco, Candler Jack, Lay's, Doritos—"in extreme close-up," he points out.

On at first weekend, *Halloween: Resurrection* was the fourth-highest grossing movie in North America, earning about \$20 million at the box office and launching it into view of viewing by better outlets. Hart estimates that with video rentals, about 1.5 million Canadians will see the movie. "It's evergreen," Hart's got life. "And that means an ever-growing likelihood for the product placement business."



THE NAKED EMPEROR

Alan Greenspan is no longer viewed as god-like. Now, he has become irrelevant.

THE TIME TO SELL the stock market short was when Bob Woodward's huge graphic book *Masters on Federal Reserve* Board chairman Alan Greenspan's management of the American economy was published two years ago. This readable book is, to put it charitably, naive. Where it describes incidents with which I have familiarity, it omits crucial technical details in favour of statements "allegedly" made by Greenspan and other players at the time. Greenspan always unfailingly comes off well in these exchanges, whereas reports of what actually happened to key financial instruments—derivatives might call into question the chairman's judgment—don't appear.

What strikes it worthwile reading is the manner of discontent in its expression of a deep American faith that a wise and fortunate Fed chairman could manage that institution, unpredictable, emotionally volatile but known as the U.S. economy. This from a nation that always revelled in its openness over national wealth with constant based on central planning. It's not as if the Fed had the tools available to, say, the apparatuses who ran Gosplan. The Fed's remit is to set just two short-term rates used in the banking system.

Last month, Greenspan spoke to Congress in the midst of the worst stock-market sell-off since the 1929 Crash. What the nation owed was the Delphic crypticness and bafflegab that had soothed riled markets on earlier occasions. But this time, it was as if Doubtful had just yanked the curtain to show the real wigwag in On. The stock market plunges piled confusion, and all leading indicators broke through their 9/11 panic lows. A major bear market—the worst since the horror of 1929-1934—was confirmed. Investors listened to Greenspan's ambivalent remarks on the strength of the economy—and sold.

Not that the Maestro is too blame for the

July massacre. He and his Fed colleagues have driven their two managed rates to the lowest levels in four decades. Beyond that sustained transmission to the sticky financial system, all they can realistically do to avert a financial and economic collapse is pray (a challenge for Greenspan, the most famous follower of right-wing atheism Ayn Rand).

What is unfolding is an unravelling of the American belief system about the integrity and superiority of U.S. economic policies and institutions. Greenspan isn't seen as a muckraker—like *World's Best* Bernie Ebbers or *Enron's* Ken Lay or the Houston office of Arthur Andersen—but as a key player within a system that is losing its legitimacy.

Issuing a faith-based initiative. Two years ago, most Americans believed that tech stars such as Bill Gates, Larry Ellison and Scott McNealy were making the economy better for everyone, that Wall Street was there to help as brokers help their clients to their share of the output of this magical money machine, and that the Greenspan Fed would keep the machine properly oiled. Now, that faith has turned to fury against top businessmen in general, and those who got rich from such options in particular, to cynicism about Wall Street, and to a disillusionment about the Fed's ability to do anything to get America back on track. Greenspan is no longer seen as omniscient and omnipotent—just irrelevant.

This attitudinal sea change is a major factor in the rather sudden appearance of

What is unfolding is an unravelling of the belief system about the integrity and superiority of U.S. economic policies and institutions

a brutal bear market. The U.S. had been virtually unique in having such confidence and trust in businessmen and central bankers. The British are skeptical about big business, in part because too many boardrooms are banglows with business and lords with precious titles and precious little evidence of real business experience or acumen. The Germans used to have profound respect for the Bundesbank, but they have yet to transfer that awe to the European Central Bank, and they have never revered their business leaders. The French only admire business leaders who come from senior positions in government after graduation from the elite school for businessmen, *École Nationale d'Administration*. Italians arrive by being cynical about all their institutions, even the Roman Catholic Church. The Japanese no longer venerate the Bank of Japan since the collapse of their stock market and economy in the 1990s.

Americans should never have put businessmen and central bankers on pedestals. American capitalist democracy is at its best when it's vibrant and restless, with runaway competition knocking for one floor their perches. "Unruly lies the head of the Fed without measure" would have been an accurate description of that leader and that organization until Paul Walker resigned it during his tenure (1979-1987).

The Greenspan Fed performed a generally effective job of postponing the value of the currency in the decade after the Crash of 1987, and then made the mistake of performing an ineffective job of pumping up already overvalued tech stocks with massive liquidity infusions, spawning the Nasdaq mania. Now, Americans are losing their faith in the Fed—a faith that was very useful for keeping their faith in the stock market.

To get the market rising again, the business community is going to have to make good profits and tell the truth about them. That will happen eventually. But investing was more rewarding when the secular religion included belief in the wizard.

Donald Cose is chairman of Harpur Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jansco World Travel Institute. His column appears every week at donaldcose.com.

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MYTHIC ISLE

The pilgrimage to P.E.I. is all about innocence

THERE ARE THINGS I wonder if Prince Edward Island really exists. The rolling hills and church spires, the arc of ocean, the real castles at sunset—a rich vermillion colour somewhere between rust and blood. P.E.I. is like a province that it is a paradise, a patchwork of pastoral idylls sewn together like a warm quilt.

If Prince Edward Island didn't exist, we wouldn't have to invent it. And in a way, we have. Maritime writer Harry Bruce calls it "the seductive myth of the perfect island." Dan Fenton, just like.

I first came to P.E.I. in 1996 out of sheer desperation, having returned to Canada after spending five years in Japan only to discover that I was pretty much unemployable. Turns out, my direct high-powered corporate talents were not nearly as impressive by the fact that I could read only a few Japanese words I might have hoped.

Time for Plan B. I knew full well that Anne of Green Gables held an enduring and inexplicable allure for Japanese writers (my wife being one of the few exceptions I ever met). So, after an extended stay in New Brunswick, we moved to the Island in the hopes that I might be able to fish myself off as a sort of free-lance "Japan expert."

My wife quickly landed a job with CP Hatch. I got less luck. The only work I could find was with the local Charlotowne paper, *The Guardian* (seriously misnamed motto: "Covers the Island like the Dow"). Where, in a moment of weakness, they hired me to write a weekly column on Japanese culture and customs, cleverly entitled "East Meets West." For this, I was paid the paltry sum of \$15 a column.

My foray into the world of journalism having failed to make me rich, I focused my uneasy business attention on the world of travel and tourism. As luck would have it, a Cornwall-based company was expanding into the Japanese market

and was looking for someone fluent in Japanese who had a solid background in travel management. Lacking both qualifications, I decided to apply.

At this time, the government of Japan had a series of standardized tests for evaluating language ability. Level One represented perfect fluency, the type of skills needed to be an interpreter or translator. Level Two included the ability to read a Japanese newspaper and discuss detailed economic proposals. Level Three was needed to operate fluently in Japanese. Level Four, the lowest rank, also known as "tourism Japanese," required conversational ability only, along with 200 or so common kanji characters.

I had a Level Four. Which is to say, I could bluff my way through the basics, but couldn't discuss complex business arrangements. When I was asked about my second-language proficiency during my interview with the P.E.I. tour company, I lowered my voice, and told solemnly, "Well, I don't need to brag, but there are only few levels of Japanese fluency and I passed for full dramatic effect—"I have reached the fourth level!"

It wasn't exactly a lie; it was more of a foreign-as-purgatory, don't-do-it-again sort of thing. But, hey, it worked. I was given a company account and a snugly job title and off I went. Fortunately, most of my work involved selling Anne of Green Gables to the Japanese, which is about as difficult as selling a glass of water to someone whose hair is too fine.

Unfortunately, one of my first duties was to welcome a VIP tour from the Japan-

Travel Bureau. These were big shots. Cerebral big shots. With sweaty palms and heart fluttering, I greeted the JTB contingent as the shipper while my bilingual Canadian boss, Roger Denon, looked on. The Japanese were dressed in severe blue suits and had notably severe expressions on their faces. Taking a deep breath, I gave what was perhaps the most heartfelt speech of my life:

"Welcome to Prince Edward Island! *Sumomaru, dōmo itadakimasu* (Welcome, please eat well). I'm sorry, but I can't really speak Japanese very well." Dima duma we acknowledge (but my boss here doesn't know this). *Sansanai de itadakimasu* (Please don't tell him!)"

There was a moment of dead silence... and then they roared with laughter. Some even broke into applause. Roger beamed, confused but happy, as they fled just into the waiting station. One of the head honchos took Roger aside and said, with a grinning gesture: "In my direction, 'We Japanese Very good'."

"Why were they laughing?" Roger whispered to me.

"Oh, I told them a joke. You know, to break the ice."

THE BEST THING about my "work" in P.E.I. (note the ironic use of quotation marks) is that it provided me with a ready ally whenever I wanted to play hooky, and I spent many a leisurely hour driving down the Island's back roads, exploring hidden coves and far-flung villages—all in the name of "research." After filling out my expense forms, I would drive up to the nearest Starbucks and peruse the P.E.I.'s lesser-known attractions, which I duly submitted and which were duly ignored. "We were thinking more about something with Anne of Green Gables..."

When you get beyond the tourist beat, P.E.I. rewards you handsomely. One



seems taboos after another unfolds, shoreline curve toward distant lighthouses, old barns and fishing piers seem to have been strung on purely aesthetic principles. There is a mood that overrules you in P.E.I., one of exhilarated calm—of such a thing is possible.

In a nation that defines itself by the space it takes up, this intimate little island, so perfectly self-contained, is some thing of an anomaly. The entire population is just 136,000. In comparison, there are more than 20 cities in the rest of Canada that have populations larger than that. Saskatchewan had more people than the entire province of Prince Edward Island.

Set among the Maritimes, P.E.I. is an island of islands. In an urban nation, P.E.I. remains remarkably rural. It doesn't make a lot of sense: Vancouver Island is bigger than P.E.I. and so is Cape Breton. Both of these islands have populations bigger than P.E.I.'s, as well, and both were once self-governing colonies. But neither of them became provinces. So why P.E.I.?

The answer stillborns. Pure and simple: Cape Breton and Vancouver Island allowed their colonial status to be withdrawn. P.E.I. refused.

The roots of Island autonomy date back to 1763, when it was separated from Nova Scotia and made into a distinct colony

complete with its own governor and an elaborate constitution. One of the reasons Britain granted P.E.I. special status lay in the unique manner in which it was settled. Alone among the colonies of British North America, P.E.I. was owned entirely by absentee landlords. It was an experiment, a pet project of British dandies looking to build their own little Eden in the New World.

The Island was surveyed into lots, and the lots were drawn in a lottery and awarded to parsons back in Britain who were required to ship in tenant farmers to break the land. Much comment is made of the agricultural system of New France, but in many ways, the P.E.I. version of feudalism was much worse. At least the agricultural lords of New France for the most part lived on or near the property they were granted, and the French habitants who worked the land at least had a chance of some day owning it. Not on the Island. There, the landlords were an ocean away. P.E.I. was the ultimate hobby farm. 80 of a hunk that, owning an estate in the colonies.

The Scots, English, Irish and Acadian settlers who filled the mid soil of P.E.I. were little more than serfs, mere tenants on someone else's land, as were their children and their children's children. As dis-

fract Island character was already emerging, and born of a shared sense of physical and political isolation. Historians David Wake and Harry Bagley note in their book *The Island and Confederation: The End of an Era*, "Here in and year out, generation after generation, this singular geographic situation dictated both a sense of unity and separatism, of inclusion and exclusion."

It took more than a century of protest and petitions to finally wrest control of the Island away from its proprietors. The last parcel of land was not relinquished until 1995, more than 40 years after the French Canadian agricultural system had been abolished. By that time the Island was already a province.

Although it likes to promote itself as "the Cradle of Confederation," P.E.I. came kicking and scratching into Canada. The original Confederation conference took place on the Island not because the Islanders were especially keen on the proposal for colonial union, but because holding the meeting on P.E.I. was the only way the other delegates could be sure the Islanders would even bother showing up. As it was, P.E.I. rejected the offer. It wasn't until 1873, after a disastrous railway venture had driven the colony to near bankruptcy, that the

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Islanders finally, begrudgingly, agreed to join Canada.

While unique Islanders today is the strange breed of people, then and the knowledge that they have stated a claim on paradise. "There are only two kinds of people," Eric often told. "Those from the island, and those who wish they were from the island."

NO ONE HELPED SHAPE the Myth of the Perfect life more than Lucy Maud Montgomery. Her insouciantly novel about a gloriously red-haired orphan, *Anne of Green Gables*, was first published in 1908—and became a surprise hit. The book made Montgomery an international celebrity, and no one was more surprised about this than she was. "I can't believe," she wrote in her journal, "that such a simple little tale, written in and of a simple P.E.I. farming settlement, with a juvenile audience in view, can really have scored somewhere out in the bygone world."

Montgomery wrote seven more books in the Anne series, as well as over a dozen other novels, two collections of poetry, a scribbled autobiography and hundreds of short stories (that was with her first novel that her reputation was secured. Mark Twain was an early fan, describing *Anne of Green Gables* as "the sweetest creation of child life yet written").

The Anne books have been published in more than 15 languages and have a devoted following around the world, but nowhere has Montgomery's tale of youth and innocence resonated quite like it has among the Japanese. In Japan, it has been likened to a religious, one complete with a Book (*Anne of Green Gables*), a Founder (L.M. Montgomery), a Saint (Anne herself), a Holy Cathedral (the house in Cavendish that served as the inspiration for Green Gables) and, of course, a Holy Pilgrimage: the journey to Prince Edward Island, culminating at the gravesite of L.M. Montgomery. I wasn't selling package tours. I was selling a rite of passage.

Montgomery's book helped ruin the very thing it celebrated: P.E.I.'s quiet seclusion. Long before the Japanese began their annual hajj, Montgomery herself was complaining that "Cavendish unbearably overrun and explained by mobs of tourists and my barbarous neighbors

have their lives simply worried out of them by crowds of 'tourists' who want to see some of Anne's house."

Today, it has only gotten worse. More than 700,000 tourists arrive on the island each year, swamping the local population. Germans, Americans, Poles, Upper Canadians, they come to worship at the altar of Anne, to see for themselves where *Little Anne Shirley* grew up. *Anne of Green Gables* is the story of an island as much as a girl, and the two are inseparable. The border between fiction and reality became blurred with the imaginary and no one seems to know where one ends and the other begins. When I was in P.E.I., Japanese visitors would sometimes become overwhelmed by the sheer extent of it, their eyes welled, their voices trembling.

If Anne is the fictional maid on call, then Prince Edward Island has become the real transformed into the mythic. We approach P.E.I. like a memory of lost youth, peering for a trace of innocence that never was. It is a dream that has been carefully manufactured and maintained, a fantasy that's been packaged for popular consumption. "In no other province," writes Harry Bruce, "is so tortured by the gap between a beautiful dream and a harshly reality. More so than all other: Canadians, Islanders allow a free tale to dominate politics and distort visions of their home-land dream."

Living in P.E.I., it's hard not, it's like living in a carnival park. Or a fairground. Or both. The tour buses arrive in convoys and the red-haired Anne impersonators pose for photographs beside "Green Gables." Here, the tour guide tells us, is where Lucy Maud Montgomery was, in where Anne would be the young Anne. Here are the fields and the forests, the country lanes and the flowers, wild. Here the ocean, rolling blue. Here, the innocence, regained.

And here, here is the wilderness coast where Anne would have run when she was young. When we were young. Here are the fields and the forests, the country lanes and the flowers, wild. Here the ocean, rolling blue. Here, the innocence, regained.

Will Ferguson is the author of *1918: A Foreigner's Journey*, a memoir about his travels in Canada as a young man. willferguson.com

Column: PETER C. NEWMAN



WEB OF DISHONESTY

Fallout from the greedy practices of the dot-com surge still poisons the market

ONCE DEBATED the irrational nature and unpredictable behaviour of the stock market with Andy Barlow, one of its worst game over to game Bay Street. "Investing in the market is a gamble as crazy as throwing your money away at a casino," was my opening gambit.

"That is not true," Barlow replied in his thick Hungarian accent. "Cautions have rules."

Then he corrected himself. "One stock market rule that must be obeyed at all times is a two driver rule: you must share to buy, you stop to cash, you do pay 20 bucks, run back to your office and sell everything."

Series, who died in 1997, was predicting the dot-com bubble, and his advice was impossible, though most investors joined the buying camp and, instead of selling their high-tech shares at their peak, waited until their certificates were useless except as dollar for summer picnics.

Last week's ye-yo stock quotes demonstrated that the fallout from the dot-com phenomenon still poisons the market. The many CEOs and CFOs who had about their companies' performance and prompted their auditors to sign false statements were willing participants in the madness of the high-tech boom. The going formula was that your corporate earnings had to shoot up at least 40 per cent per quarter, or you weren't a player. I remember when the earnings of one of the most noted of the New Economy companies, Dell Computer Corp., increased only 16 per cent during its 1998 quarter; its stock went into a free fall.

"Once you become convinced that the value of your shares had topped growing fast enough," Nobel Prize-winning economist Franco Modigliani pointed out at the time, "nobody wanted to hold the stock, because it was so obviously overvalued. Everybody tried to get out, and it collapsed beyond its fundamentals." (This exercise in financial legions

didn't require any earnings, or even economic activity. In 1996, Bank of Montreal, for example, was driven up to almost \$300 a share, strictly on the basis of phony claims and the Bay Street analysts who believed them.)

The unethical habits formed in those giddy years that have become standard practice ever since have been fuelled by the obsession of most investors to drive up the value of their stock options, instead of advancing the net worth of their companies. This shallow business ethic (resulting in a phenomenon known as "margin trading") which meant that boosting quarterly income (even at the cost of destroying your books) became accepted practice. That would give these values a quick boost, thus adding millions to the value of executives' stock options. (They're worthless unless share prices keep rising, because they grant their holders the right to buy shares at a fixed price.)

Why the billions caught in the current web of debt and dishonesty felt the need to increase their already wildly extravagant fortunes by stripping the treasures of their own companies can be better diagnosed by their shares than by either the SEC or OSC. But it is a symptom of the profound dysfunction in the capitalist system that, for good or evil, we see as all.

Stock market instability is already a recurrent phenomenon. According to a report by the Boston Consulting Group, investors associated with Q1 leading private banking firms worldwide lost \$2.9 billion in 2001,

which is as much as is hidden in the sales of Switzerland's entire private banking industry.

Nor, of course, is it strictly an American tragedy. Shareholders in BCE Inc., Canada's largest communications company, dropped \$4.7 billion in 2001, and have lost much more since. Shares in Nortel, our very own pioneer high-tech company, slipped from a high of \$224.50 in July 2000, to their currently shambolic status of not much more than a penny stock.

Meanwhile, the reason for mounting concerns about the future is mounting from stock market losses to economic meltdown. Argentina remains an economic killing field. Brazil's currency fell precipitously last week to its lowest level since it was first floated in 1994, while the country's national debt has reached alarming levels, with the IMF still undecided on an emergency bailout. The economic malaise is spreading to Uruguay (which last week extended its partial freeze on bank withdrawals), Colombia, Peru and Ecuador.

The Mexican dollar could be on the verge of a significant devaluation. At the other side of the globe, Japan's banks are carrying the equivalent of US\$4.3 trillion in bad debt; their capital base has dwindled to barely two per cent of their assets—a quarter of the regulatory ratio required. With Japan's banking system unresolvable, and its government paralyzed, its economy is becoming a crisis. (I know something was seriously wrong when a Japanese treasury bond issue yielding zero per cent interest was oversubscribed 200 times.)

It will take some seasons for sweet reason to return to the trading floor. But in the end the stock market is a pendulum that swings both ways. "In the short term I remain cautious," I was told by Rod Shin, Toronto Securities' new chairman and CEO, "because we're going to need a cathartic event to signal the end of this two-year bear market. But I'm also optimistic in the long term, or I wouldn't be in this business. I do believe in the ultimate integrity of market participants and the accommodating practices of the central bank."

And that's about as good as it gets.

Peter C. Newman's column appears monthly. petercnewman.com



A PERMANENT THREAT

A U.S. intelligence expert says we have to get real about terrorism

TERRORISM WILL NOT be eliminated in our lifetime. While the activity has a history so long it produces formal records and appears in our earliest religious texts, it is peculiarly well-suited to capture the discontents of the 21st century world. Political systems that grow beyond the law and the violent, uneducated faithful of every major religion find terrorism satisfying even when it fails to achieve its goals. Terrorism is the ultimate cry of rage.

The rhetoric since last September—not only from Washington—about “wiping out terrorism” is as vain as claims that we can eliminate crime. Our goal must be to reduce terrorism to the level of teenage background noise—and even that is hard.

Terrorism reflects the fractured world in which we live. While violent Islamic extremism is the challenge of the moment, Osama bin Laden and al-Qaeda have counterparts in those extremist Christian groups opposed to women's rights—or in Hindu monks leveling mosques. There is only a quantitative, not qualitative, difference between a terrorist who flies an aircraft into a skyscraper and a terrorist who guns down a doctor at a family planning clinic.

The great shift in terrorism over the last generation has been from political goals, such as changing governments or social systems, to apocalyptic terrorism—seeking to impose a “Kingdom of God” on earth. The transition is bad news, indeed. The traditional terrorist often qualified, to someone, somewhere, as freedom fighter. The new holy warriors are, no matter their religion, fighters against freedom. We have gone from a basic user rights to a basic over belief—and you can't change the mind of a man who believes his god is whispering in his ear.

We cannot completely eliminate faith-based terrorism without undermining the essence of progress and change. Militancy, sooner or later, has been taken against the most immediate, identifiable sources of



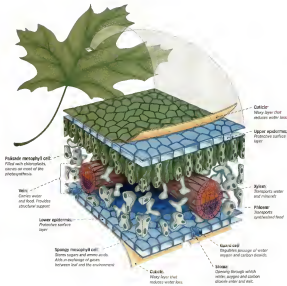
terrorism. In the United States, George W. Bush's recent request to Congress for the establishment of a cabinet-level Department of Homeland Security is a major step toward pooling resources, streamlining bureaucracy, and focusing American efforts.

But the greatest obstacle of such reform attempts are unrealistic expectations. Consider the creation of a Department of Homeland Security to remove agencies and offices totaling about 200,000 employees—before new hirings—from their old bureaucratic homes and combine them in a super-agency as easy as an answer, but difficult to implement.

Meanwhile, our terrorist enemies won't hold still. The ruling body of Sept. 11 wasn't intelligence failure—it is not convinced the plot could have been detected in time or

in its entirety without incredible luck. Rather, the failure lay in our inability to appreciate our enemy's resourcefulness in conceiving a brilliant plan and carrying it out using the West's own assets. The terrorists have paid a terrible price for their success—but to underestimate their capacity would be to repeat our failure.

Perhaps the terrorist's greatest advantage is that terror is his consuming purpose in life. The terrorist's devotion to a cause makes him a tough match for the bureaucrat who wants to leave work behind at the end of the day. Intelligence work is an especially difficult aspect of the war against terror—and a sphere in which Canada could be of particular assistance. Despite calls for intelligence reform within the United States, improving the performance



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of *Attorney's* intelligence community will take years: it's an enormous bureaucracy, propped by the classification of everything from products to budgets. Although it does some things very well, it is less than the sum of its expensive parts.

Even before Bush announced his intent to create a Department of Homeland Security, the FBI had announced plans to hire more than 500 additional counterterrorism intelligence analysts. But you can't simply scan the job seeker pages of the Sunday newspaper to find intelligence personnel, whether analysts or agents. The skills required to do intelligence work are complex and arcane, requiring long apprenticeship and unusual talents—and if you can recruit someone of promise and turn them into a master analyst in a decade, that amounts to lightning speed. The best analysts speak foreign languages, have long experience abroad in target regions—and possess those qualities hated by bureaucrats everywhere, including intuition, guts and a sense of the wildness of the human heart. The best agents and agent-handlers aren't necessarily the best deer-hunters or Sunday school teachers. Finding all that needs doing, especially in the area of expanding effectively the number of intelligence personnel, will be painfully slow, and the inevitable initial wave of mass hirings will produce a great deal of disappointment and frustration.

Canada would prove a tremendous help in focusing its resources on the study of the current phenomenon overall, as well as on the specific individuals and networks involved today. Canada's diversity gives it access in, and eyes upon, much of the world. In addition to vital practical cooperation with the United States in the field, from border controls to Canada's contribution to the campaign in Afghanistan, the great value Canada can bring is a willingness to pursue alternative lines of inquiry, avoid the politically partisan nature of Washington, and challenge, between friends, the American tendency to "jump to conclusions," as a corollary of yesterday's past it.

Canada has two great hurdles to overcome in the struggle against terror—one is the notion that Canada isn't a potential target, which is silly, and the other is the quality of political correctness, which, though comfortable as a fence-painter, is



Airport security may become less invasive as we learn what works and what doesn't

as foolish as the American penchant for self-righteousness. Our greatest shared asset is the openness and integrity of our societies. Canada should be the ally that says, "It's, but..."

I have worked intimately with Canadian intelligence personnel, and they serve Canada well: their quality is high, their experience impressive, and they certainly have the ability to think for themselves. If allowed to think independently about the phenomenon of terrorism, they could make a great contribution. But they can't do so if told, "You dare not say that," or, still worse, "You dare not think that."

In the end, there is no silver bullet in the form of either intelligence work or protection-guided assistance. Military action and law enforcement actions address violence of the moment, but not root causes. The focus of arms is often indelible, but the struggle against terrorists evolves, in one way or another, virtually every government agency and many non-governmental organizations, from aid

suppliers to the unions representing airlines and truckers. Canadians and Americans are only beginning the reforms that the new century will demand (not only because of terrorism) laws will change, we will learn what works and what doesn't, we will, eventually, master the new intelligence skills required and develop equitable ways to balance immigration policies with security requirements. We will, ultimately, figure out ways to provide airport security that don't involve frisking guests at gunpoint. We can be confident that the lives of most people will proceed both safely and largely unchanged. But we also will be surprised, now and then, by the ingenuity of terrorism, despite our best efforts.

Occasional terrorist successes won't necessarily mean that we have failed. Some scenarios will always get through, whether they attack Tucson or Toronto. Success must be measured in how well, if not perfectly, we protect our free societies. If we stop 99 terrorists out of 100, but one makes it through to detonate a bomb, it does not mean there was no value in stopping all the others. The fundamental requirement on the part of the average citizen, whether in the United States or Canada, is for reasonable expectations.

Retired Lt. S. Arima intelligence officer. Eighty Peter is a novelist, strategic analyst and commentator. He's most recent books, *Wired Terror: Scouring the Changing World*

Canada has two hurdles to overcome—one is the notion that it isn't a potential target, and the other is the tyranny of political correctness.

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LATTER-DAY PROPHET

A new biography tackles the passionate Farley Mowat

By mid-1962, Farley Mowat's literary career was essentially on hold, according to Farley (HarperCollins), by biographer James King. Mowat's childhood and later combat experiences had left him with a "fugle sense of self," King recounts, leading to drunken outbursts that strained relations with his wife, Claire. But that year, Farley, 41, and Claire, 29, passionate naturalists disgusted with industrial society, settled

in the Newfoundland outpost of Burgeo. Even as his private life remained tumultuous, the stay in Burgeo revived Mowat's writing. And it was there too that he witnessed the event that inspired *A Whale for the Killing*, one of his finest books.

IN JULY, 1962, Claire and Farley found themselves harbour-bound in Burgeo. When they mentioned to the family

boats that they were looking for a place to winter, they were whisked away to Messers Cove, an enclave of 14 families of fishermen at the western end of the village. Perched high on a granite boulder was a small white bungalow, whose windows looked south to the ocean. Having fallen in love with this part of Burgeo, Farley and Claire threw caution to the winds and bought the house. For both of them, an outpost was the closest they could imagine to living a simple existence away from the crushing demands of the land of modern life they both loathed.

Outsides Claire and Farley were a source of endless curiosity for their neighbours, to whom they were as strange as

two specimens or alien fossils. Farley became fascinated with his new community. Tongue in cheek, he wrote "We are also greatly enjoying the local cinema. There is a wedding every week, sometimes two or three. The last four brides have been 14, 14, 13 and 15, respectively, and of these, all were pregnant. Nobody, but nobody, marries a woman until she has been tested and found capable. The baby bonus seems too large to admit of any other procedures. Come to think of it, nobody marries a woman—only little girls. Little is old stuff in Burgeo, Claire says the flesh bloody well decays!"

That winter, Farley wrote one of his most celebrated books. *A Spool and a Possibility: Never Cry Wolf* may be, but it also contains a passionate defence of the wolf, one of whose sources of food is mice. As he grew attached to the wolves, Farley even prepared an axe (concoctions made of rice—including some *decreases*, which, in addition to the rodents, consists of white flour, seaweed, doves and ethyl alcohol—and omitted to mark his boundary lines. *Never Cry Wolf* sold 300,000 copies in Canada and the U.S., making Farley a true celebrity in both countries. He became known—along with Rachel Carson, a great admirer of the book—as one of the only great crusaders detailing the integrity of the planet against prevalent and ongoing assaults. He now became "Farley Mowat," a latter-day prophet who railed against the rapid destruction of humanity's lands to animals, plants and the earth itself.

Fame and fortune did not stiff Farley's personal demons. Claire set out the extent of the problem in a dramatically honest letter to publisher Jack McClelland, when she intervened in a quarrel between the two men. "I want to tell you about an odd and unpleasant side of Farley's character. He has the capacity, when he's drunk, to be outrageously abusive, unselfish and cruel in what he says to those close to him. Whenever we return from a party at which Farley has managed to get drunk, he launches at me a tirade of abuses. He has vigorously accused me, on various occasions, of being childish, grossly selfish, incompetent, stupid, ingrid, frivolous and joyless. I am none of these things. Some guys beat their wives. Others get the same kick from verbally beating them.

'The bloodthirsty bastards of Burgeo who filled the fin whale full of lead will smart for a while. When I am finished, they will be charred'

Farley, when he's sufficiently drunk, is not responsible for what he says."

From childhood, Farley had fled from intimacy with others. This tendency may have been due to—or exacerbated by—the sense that he could never be quite good enough for his father. Farley might be able to accomplish many things, but would they ever be the right things? Consciously and unconsciously, this question haunted him. When drunk and thus uninhibited, his fears were unleashed and then voiced. In such moments, he peaked other people, such as Jack and Claire, away lest he should once again fall as being the person they wanted him to be.

BY EARLY 1967, Farley, much by way of escaping modernity in Burgeo, contemplated moving. But his financial well-being was up and down. On Jan. 20, a 70-foot long female fin whale became trapped in a cove on the outskirts of Burgeo. Five plant workers began shooting at the whale with rifles on the following day. On the third day, when Farley and Claire were out walking bald eagles, more than 30 people were using the whale for target practice while a large crowd watched from the shore. On the fifth day, two fishermen told the Mowats about the whale. All of a sudden, Farley was aware of a "conspiracy of silence," before this, friends and neighbours had been "ready, not to say eager, to keep us informed of everything."

Immediately committed to saving the whale, Farley suddenly found himself at odds with his neighbours. Particularly bitter was his recollection of how he was abandoned when he went to tend to the whale. "Some people averted their eyes as they passed our door. I do not think this was because of my guilt that they may have felt—and many of them did feel guilty—it was because I had shamed them."

Although many villagers were sympathetic to the whale, they were horrified by

the unfavourable notice given to Burgeo by the outside world. Although the killing of the whale stopped, she was badly infected by her wounds and died before antibiotics could be administered.

To his father, Farley summarized the sorry situation. "Be warned and do not ever take up with a fin whale. Nobody seems to join much from the experience, although the bloodthirsty bastards of Burgeo who filled her full of lead will smart for a while. They have had a pretty good seasonal routine, and when I am finished, they will be charred. This whole affair has pretty well disgusted me with Burgeo. And, likewise, I think Burgeo has had about enough of me. So be it."

The Mowats left the outpost soon after, but the "shooting" took five years to see print, not until Farley had digested and even dreamed about the experience. And when it came, in *A Whale for the Killing*, the white-hot rage he had felt at the time had cooled. In his recreation of the first shots fired, Farley denounces the ongoing influences of the world "away."

"Although these men had been born on the Southwest Coast, they had all spent years in Canada or the United States. Returning home, they had rejected the vocations of their fishermen forefathers and sought wage employment as the plant as mechanics, tradesmen and supervisors. They were modern men only too anxious to deny their outpost heritage in favour of the machine and mores of 20th-century industrial society. The five men wound no time. Some dropped to their knees, levering shells into their rifles. Others stood where they were and harmlessly shot away. The crash of rifle fire began to echo from the cliffs and, in an undertone, there came the flat, satisfying clunk of bullets striking home in the living flesh."

For Farley, the tragedy of the whale was a deeply human one: "The whale was not alone in being trapped. We were all trapped with her. If the natural patterns of her life had been disrupted, then so had ours. She became a mirror in which we saw our own discomfited faces, and they were ugly." Once again, Farley believed, humanitarianism had shown itself incapable of protecting the natural resources it claimed were entrusted to it.

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MENACE AND MURK

Shyamalan soars; Soderbergh digs himself in

WELL, I WASN'T gaga about *The Sixth Sense* and was totally bored by *Unbreakable*. My friends who went to film school—yes, that's contempt in my voice—said I just didn't "get it." But I wasn't buying that: worse-director M. Night Shyamalan was the second coming. After seeing his latest supernatural thriller, however, I admit I may have been wrong. *Signs*, about the mysterious happenings on a Pennsylvania farm, is reassociating-definitely written and masterfully directed. The only problem is that Shyamalan needs to be heavy-handed with the religious themes. But what do you expect—the guy is a cinematic survivor.

McL Gibson stars as Graham Hess, an Episcopalian minister who lost his wife in a car accident, and then his child. He lives on a farm with his children—played by newcomer Abigail Breslin and the most talented of the Cullen brood, Rory (New Coke Cause on MTV) and his brother, Merrill (Jonathan Pharoah), a has-been minor league baseball star. One morning the family finds crop circles. Turns out farmers in other countries woke up to the same thing, prompting TV reporters to ask if it's a hoax or the end of the world.

Part of the pleasure of *Signs* is identifying allusions to horror and suspense classics. Shyamalan borrows liberally from Hitchcock, and there are corny lines and strange characters straight out of B movie flicks like *Invaders of the Body Snatchers*. Some comic conflict themes recall the best of *Children of the Corn*. And the blond daughter, often illuminated by light from the TV screen, is pure Poltergeist.

What's more, the film is funny. Shyamalan has suppressed Gibson's movie star charm, coaxing him to be gritty and menacing. The kids—bright and accurate—say the funniest things. And Pharoah, looking disarmingly like he could be Gibson's brother, plays Merrill with a humorist's held-in chuck. That's to say that if the family wasn't possibly under attack by aliens, he'd give you a noo-

gie and play-verse you to the floor.

But the situation is dire, and Graham's in despair, having already concluded that life is all chance—that we are alone. Really, Graham? Then what do you make of that UFO above the field? Shyamalan seamlessly investigates the existence of God and extraterrestrials, providing clear answers on both counts. But then he ticks on a code to make sure everyone got the message. Unnecessary, because this time I got it.

—SHAMON MEHILL

PREPARE TO LOSE your bearings. Full frontal contains a movie within a movie within. It seems at the end, another movie, with a play about Hitler thrown in for good measure. Director Steven Soderbergh, who—with film like *Glue of Light*, *Erin Brockovich* and *Traffic*—has proven himself a master of narrative, abandons storytelling altogether in this Alzheimer brain scramble. The film abounds in stars: Julia Roberts, Brad Pitt and David Duchovny, among others. But the big names aren't enough to make for

big pleasure. Filled with in-jokes and satire of interest, mainly to hard-core film buffs and insiders, this Fall Frontal definitely has no do-better.

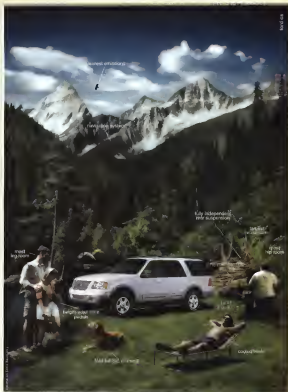
On one level the film is a potpourri gallery of mostly narcissistic individuals working in the entertainment biz or in symbolic content, celebrity/lifestyle journalism. The six main characters are all linked to film producer Gus (Duchovny), who's about to celebrate his 40th. This structural layer is shot in grainy, jumpy, annoying digital video. Two birthday party scenes are acting in a lame romantic drama produced by Gus. Then *Amadeus* layer, shot in Timelapse which fashion, is about a *Monty Python* style journalist (Roberts) profiling a black actor (Burt Reynolds) who's been hired to play *Boyz n the City*'s sidekick in a *Lethal Weapon*-like movie. We also see some dumb footage for that flick.

Much of Fall Frontal consists of the "real" characters undergoing and life-rites. There are sharp and funny moments, but they're swamped by all the emotional longshing. The biggest laughs come from the play "The Sound and the Fury" Hitler (a hilarious Nicky Katt) a contemporary-style dude who brushes off Ben Brink by saying he's too consumed by his work—"I'm taking a swim in Lake Me." Soderbergh has taken his own swim in that lake, and the results are pretty much a washout.

—PATRICIA KUBICK



In *Signs*, a Pennsylvania farm family encounters the uncanny in a cornfield





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CLOSINGNOTES



MUSIC | 52

America's rock laureate Bruce Springsteen's new CD, *The Rising*, mixes salvation and awe—and is a return to form. Reunited with the E Street Band, Springsteen adopts the role of secular pastor offering compassion and drinking hope from the ashes of 9/11.



PEOPLE | 54

White's eye for observation is his second book. At 67, White, 1990's *Master of the House* is a talky, no-nonsense



Listings | Antiquing

Now in Montreal: Antique Auto Club Inc. & Giant Flea Market, Aug. 10-18. Now in its 21st year, this flea market boasts over 700 vendors, all connected to Prince Louis-Francis and selling everything from antique cars and furniture to early collectibles and cars. **Bellefleur, N.B.**

Delmas Antique Show and Sale, Aug. 18-19. Located in the largest window antique show in London Ontario, with a total of 200 dealers. Items range from \$10 to \$10,000. The sale includes the town's largest Saturday 1 p.m.-5 p.m. Sunday 10 a.m.-4 p.m. **London, Ont.**

Antiques at Sparco Markets, Aug. 18-19. The first annual show, held at the Sparco complex in Calgary, will display the works of 40 antique dealers from across Canada. Canadian-made furniture and home decor items will be featured. **Calgary, Alta.**

Antiques, Artifacts & Art, Aug. 18-19. In this miniature version of the Antiques Showhouse, people are invited to bring their antiques and collectibles for appraisal at the Governor's House. **Regina, Sask.**

Q&A | Edmonton, unplugged

The Edmonton Folk Music Festival, which this year runs Aug. 8-11, is the gold standard for such events in Canada. Often sold-out well in advance, the festival, now in its 23rd year, has on the past featured such diverse talents as Joan Baez, Elvis Costello and K.d. Lang. It also has a great venue: a grassy hillside overlooking the North Saskatchewan River Valley and the city's downtown that acts as a natural amphitheatre. Festival producer Terry Wickham spoke with *Montreal's* Calgary-based Chief Brian Bergman about his retrospective.

DETAILS

Some performers at this year's Edmonton Folk Music Festival

Canadian artists
Long John Silver
with Andrew Schell
L.A. Daffodil Sound
P.P. Corcoran
Sarah Rains
Alicia Keys
K.d. Lang
McMurry
The Roots

Edmonton
Folk Music
Festival
L.A. Daffodil Sound
P.P. Corcoran
Sarah Rains
Alicia Keys
K.d. Lang
McMurry
The Roots

K.d. Lang
McMurry
The Roots

How do you define folk music?

I like to say folk is a five-letter word that starts with F and ends with T, but it's also great music for a great price—where else can you see 50 acts over four days for \$25 a day?

The Edmonton festival is known for mixing things up musically. Is there a method behind the madness?

Singer-songwriters are certainly one of the

pillars. A folkie like Elvis Costello is considered rock, but he's up there singing his own songs and playing an acoustic guitar. These other pillars are world music, a strong Celtic component and the blues. In and around that, we also try to bring in some bluegrass and gospel music.

How crucial is it to have some star?

It's important. It's like having a big buffet meal, you've got 60 or 70 different dishes, but you need your main courses. In recent years, hyperinflated performance fees have made it harder to deliver the big names and keep that \$25-a-day ticket. So we try to go with depth rather than splash.

How important are the volunteers?

Our volunteer base is 1,830 strong and they are now probably the most experienced in the country. They contribute up to \$1 million in labour, handling everything from cleaning the site to security. Actually, I work for the volunteers. They vote in our nine-member board and I report to the board. We're very democratic that way.

Music | Spiritual and sexual healing in the Church of Springsteen

With *The Rising*, Bruce Springsteen offers his first album of original material in seven years, the first since he reinvented himself as the flicker of "the samurai fire" for the sparse, whipcracked folk of *The Ghost of Tom Sawyer*. Now, shouldering his role as America's rock laureate, he steps back onto the fray. And he no longer needs Sam's dark bowl for inspiration: there are fresh ghosts all around him. *The Rising* is Springsteen's most powerful album since *Rose in the U.S.A.* (1986), his first studio recording since then to harness the talents of the E Street Band—and pop culture's first subliminal response to the tragedy of Sept. 11.

Of course, Springsteen has adopted the rock pose of a revival preacher, inviting his audience to join in a "rock 'n' roll baptism." But in *The Rising*, there's nothing campy about his stance: as a secular pastor driving hope from the ashes of 9/11. In song after song, he evokes a landscape of fire, dust and blood—those three words keep recurring as an elemental mantra,

as frequently as "love," "loss" and "dark." Bruce offers prayer, compassion, a kitchen-party bid for salvation—and a surprising taste of sex.

Under a sky that's "falling and streaked with blood," *Into the Fire* addresses a victim who "disappeared into dust," inseparably drawn by duty "up the stairs, into the fire." *You're Missing* offers a *Philadelphia*-like lament for a vanished loved one, with a siren song of desolately written—"God's drifting in heaven, devil's in the mailbox." And *Paradise* makes willed allusions to a suicide bomber. But there's no trace of partisan rage. In fact, the song *Worlds Apart*, the album's most musically adventurous track, evokes an ornamental, luminous Allah's blessed rain, let blood build a bridge. *Awake* with Arabic rhythms and the voice of Palestinian *And Ali Khan*, *Worlds Apart* blends desert drums with a Native American pulse, building to a massed ridge of metal guitar, a kind of flaring arrow ambush.

While the album is driven by the ar-

chaic chanting of the E Street Band, the production is anchored in an orchestral grandeur, with a lot of cello. On a few numbers, Springsteen attempts a sunny escape—from the neo-swing nostalgia of *Let's Be Friends (Shine to Shine)* to the R&B-like roving of *Mary's Place*. But he's most effective when he brings catastrophe home. *Lonesome Day*—"Houses on fire, rape's in the grass"—could be about 9/11, or adultery. And *The Fire*, which carries a sexual charge worthy of *Lucinda Williams*, traces a seductive thread from the loom to the bedroom, until all the music cuts out, leaving his voice raised to sing: "your bitterness taste on my tongue."

In *The Rising*'s title song, Springsteen is aware of his mandate: "On my back's a tiny pound stone/On my shoulder a half mile of love." But he's the man for the job. Actual religious hysteria and spiritual bankruptcy, the Church of Bruce offers precious shelter from the storm.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON

BESTSELLERS

Fiction

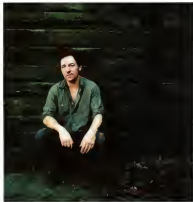
WEEKEND AND WEEK

1. <i>UNRAID</i> , David Shields (S) 6	1
2. <i>FAMILY MATTERS</i> , Andrew Murray (D)	2
3. <i>SHINE BRIGHT</i> , Audrey Nottel (S)	3
4. <i>THE LADY OF SHALOTT</i> , Jennifer Martin (S)	4
5. <i>THE HOUSE BURNED</i> , Emma Carroll (S) and Kristin Weir (S)	5
6. <i>THEIR LIVES</i> , J. M. Coetzee (S)	6
7. <i>THE WILDERNESS OF HORSE</i> , John M. Ford (S)	7
8. <i>THE LARK</i> , Michael Chabon (S)	8
9. <i>CLASH OF KINGS</i> , Robert R. Weir (S)	9
10. <i>THE LADY OF SHALOTT</i> , Jennifer Martin (S)	10

Nonfiction

1. <i>THE FALL OF MAN</i> , John M. Ford (S)	1
2. <i>SHINE BRIGHT</i> , Audrey Nottel (S)	2
3. <i>THE HOUSE BURNED</i> , Emma Carroll (S) and Kristin Weir (S)	3
4. <i>THE LARK</i> , Michael Chabon (S)	4
5. <i>THE WILDERNESS OF HORSE</i> , John M. Ford (S)	5
6. <i>THE LARK</i> , Michael Chabon (S)	6
7. <i>THE HOUSE BURNED</i> , Emma Carroll (S) and Kristin Weir (S)	7
8. <i>THE WILDERNESS OF HORSE</i> , John M. Ford (S)	8
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10. <i>THE HOUSE BURNED</i> , Emma Carroll (S) and Kristin Weir (S)	10

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People | Hawking a novel

Ethan Hawke is consistently playing with something—the snags on his favourite western shirt, the pen in his pocket, the pendant around his neck, even the water dripping from a glass of pop on the table. All the while, he saves you directly in the eye and is never the first to look away. No longer tagged as a Gen X dad, the Oscar nominated actor is currently on tour as an author. Last week, he took part in Toronto's Harbourfront Reading Series.

Ask Wednesday, Hawke's second novel, a meditation on marriage. Jimmy Heavens and Christy Wilcox are young, troubled and on the road. January's *AWOL* from

the Army, Christy's pregnant. They get married and obsess about whether it was the right thing to do. Hawke, 34, writes in both of their voices. But it's not a head-on-thrust type of thing, where both parties rebuke the same event, it's more fluid, as each character picks up the story where the other left off.

Hawke makes keen observations. The writing is raucy, like a lot of his films, but honest. "Probably in a subconscious zone, so much of what I was writing was the thinking about fatherhood," says Hawke, who has two kids, Maya, 4, and Rowe, 6 months, with screen wife Thelma. "I'm learning how to put someone else first. Some of that happens instinctually and

divested in his favourite western shirt, Hawke talks of marriage, fatherhood and acting

some of that doesn't. The way people talk on TV is like, 'I put my children first in all capacities.' But if everyone was doing that we all wouldn't be so screwed up."

After the book tour, Hawke and Maya will relocate on Fire Island, outside of New York City. Boys will be in China with Thelma, who's shooting Quentin Tarantino's new Hong Kong revenge flick, *Kill Bill*. Hawke mentions she's leaving long for. "What a second, isn't Thelma intimidating enough already? 'I know,' he laughs, "and now she's Uma in *Charlie's Brother*." Might be a hard novel to star.

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SKATING WITH THE MOB

Russian gangsters darken the Olympics' door. You were expecting Cinderella?

IS THERE NO DIRTY DEED, no ingenious bit of double-dealing that Russian mobsters won't get up to? In recent years they've trafficked in heroin, prostitution, and, it's said, nuclear nuclear warheads. They've organized complex stock scams and bilked millions from unsuspecting Canadians and American investors. They've even been caught shipping American green alcohol to Mother Russia, disguised as woodchuck fluid before it was (billed up) (perhaps) and resold as vodka.

But for pure in-your-face audacity, it's hard to beat the latest scam: that Uzbek-born Alimzhan Tokhtakhunov, a reputed gang leader with an affidavit for open figures and at least three Italian villas, allegedly rigged two of the premier events at the Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City in February, the ice dancing competition and the pairs skating. Kind of Uzbek-like cynicism, I grant you. Figure skating? Analyze this, Tony Soprano.

The charges against Tokhtakhunov now in a Victorian jail awaiting extradition to Manhattan—are yet to be proved. (For the official indictment, see www.usdoj.gov/ice/docket) But the pieces do come together with the elegant masculinity of a triple lariat. And in their quiet way, they provide the missing link in the great international skating flap of 2002—the one that saw a frazzled French judge dissolve into a puddle of apoplexy, and transformed Jerre Seale and David Pelletier into international darlings (here in Russia, where they're viewed as media-savvy whorls).

Prosecutors say the plan was quite simple, and may have involved as many as six judges. The indictment, based on wiretaps, has the 40- or 50- or 60-year-old mobster (take your pick) heading to a colleague about which French and Russian skating judges were outside, and accepting a thank you call from a woman believed to be the mother of Russian-born French skater Marina Anissina, who won France's first figure skating gold since 1912 with

her victory in pairs ice dancing. The Russians, despite a scandal, took the pairs competition until the cringing medal lap owned the flawless Seale and Pelletier a meriting gold. Tokhtakhunov's payoff? Aside from mobster payoffs and perhaps some loan ruse off this program were on to lucrative professional careers, he sought help getting his French visa recorded, the prosecutors contend. All he wanted was to be in France, you know, where the lights is soft as milk on a winter's evening, and where he once offered to sponsor a pro hockey team to delay ousting of the French figure skating program.

The official reaction to all this is predictably predictable. Jacques Reager, the new head of the International Olympic Committee is "appalled." So is pretty well every head of every member association. Among the few not appalled are Seale and Pelletier, who have enough on their plate trying to start a pro career that's been sidetracked by the laughs and some weird management decisions. "It's figure skating," Seale told a TV interviewer last week.



skating and showing her hands in the air. Added Pelletier: "Wherever there's power, wherever there's money, there's always some bad people around."

They're right, of course. Why should anyone be appalled this figure skating may have been tainted by the mob? Forget the fact that the Russian mafia is here-crunchingly brutal and has proved this no four continents. This is a sport with a history. Tonya Harding having her chief opponent whisked across the line in 1994, a judging scandal at the 1998 Winter Olympics that saw four Russian and Ukrainian judges sent packing, even partisan officials who've received threatening calls in the middle of the night.

What's appalling is the reaction of the Russian Olympic Committee, its pride stung by an ethical fall from grace. Chief Leonid Tyagunov dismissed the charges out of hand. "You can't imagine that anybody outside of sports can be involved in such a thing as trying to fix the results" (Read that again—carefully). Equally appalling, when Ottawa's Canadian Ice Skating Union conducted a two-month inquiry this spring into the Olympics judging scandal—a probe, less the alleged collusion between French and Russian judges that resulted in a three-year suspension for two French officials—a didn't question anyone in the Russian figure skating federation, *Crucially* acknowledged recently. Why not, you might ask? Especially now.

All this gangster stuff adds more intrigue to a sport that already has too much of that. But it also, sadly, gives the IOC an air we've tried to clean up our act, it can say that, *quel dommage*, who would have thought the mob was involved? Skating officials, because this latest brazening and wonder if their sport can survive. My guess is it will take off now that it's a shattering combination of *Casablanca* and *Good Will Hunting*. The real story is that Russian mafia hustlers have been on Tokhtakhunov's trail for over a year for much more serious investments, and all they've ended here is in fixing a figure skating contest. Maybe because it was so easy, he couldn't resist yanking it up.

Robert Sheppard is a Montreal's senior writer who is not really appalled. rshppard@protonline.ca

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